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"Frankly, this book is awesome. The art and writing complement each other incredibly well."
— ComicVine.com

THE SUPERIOR FOES OF SPIDER-MAN®

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IT'S A NEW SLEEPER-HIT SAGA STARRING SOME OF SPIDEY'S DEADLIEST BADDIES!

Boomerang and his fellow villains prove that with terrible powers come terrible responsibilities, and Spider-Man will soon learn that with superior villains come superior problems! Out on bail and aiming to stay out of jail, Boomerang must get his cronies on target — but does Frank Castle, the one-man army known as the Punisher, have them targeted already? The Foes have a plan and the means to pull it off, but they're about to learn the hard way you can't steal the head of Silvermane without severe repercussions! Rising star Nick Spencer teams with Eisner Award-winning sensation Steve Lieber for a walk on the Spider-Verse's evil side!

Collecting *Superior Foes of Spider-Man #1-6*,
written by Nick Spencer and illustrated by Steve Lieber.

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THE SUPERIOR FOES OF SPIDER-MAN®

MARVEL NOW!

SUPERIOR SPIDER-MONTH

SPENCER
LIEBER
ROSENBERG

001

BOOMERANG, **SHOCKER**, **OVERDRIVE**, **SPEED DEMON**, AND **BEETLE** ARE NOT HEROES. THEY'RE NOT LOVEABLE ROGUES AND THEY'RE NOT REBELS WITH A CAUSE. MAKE NO MISTAKE, THE NEW **SINISTER SIX** ARE VILLAINS, PLAIN AND SIMPLE. THEY'RE LIARS, CHEATERS, AND THIEVES. THEY DON'T LIKE YOU. THEY DON'T EVEN LIKE EACH OTHER THAT MUCH. THE ONE THING THEY HAVE IN COMMON IS A SHARED HATRED FOR THEIR NEMESIS, THE **SUPERIOR SPIDER-MAN** – EVEN IF HE'S POSSESSED BY THEIR OLD BOSS **DOCTOR OCTOPUS** AT THE MOMENT. SOMETIMES THAT MUTUAL DISDAIN FORCES THEM TO SUCK IT UP AND JOIN FORCES. TOGETHER THEY ARE...

THE SUPERIOR FOES OF SPIDER-MAN

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THIS GUY, RIGHT?

SPIDER-MAN'S THE ONLY ONE ANYBODY EVER TALKS ABOUT.

NOBODY'S EVER LIKE, "HEY, WHAT ABOUT *BOOMERANG?* WHAT'S UP WITH HIM? WHAT MAKES *THAT* GUY TICK?

"WHERE'S HE FROM? WHAT DOES HE DO IN HIS SPARE TIME? DOES HE HAVE ANY PETS?

"AND HEY--WHY DOES HE KEEP LETTING THIS GUY BEAT THE HOLY HELL OUT OF HIM?

"IS HE MENTALLY ILL? IS IT A SEX THING?

"HOW DOES A LOSER LIKE THAT EVEN GET OUT OF BED IN THE MORNING?"

NOBODY EVEN CARES THAT TWENTY MINUTES BEFORE THIS, I WAS ABOUT TO PULL OFF THE BIGGEST BANK HEIST SINCE LUFTHANSA.

OR THAT I WOULD'VE BEEN IN THE CLEAR IF NOT FOR THAT CASHIER GIRL GETTING ME WITH THE OLD LINE ABOUT THE DOWNSTAIRS VAULT.

BUT THEN, THAT'S THE THING ABOUT GUYS LIKE ME--

WE GOT NO IDEA HOW TO QUIT WHEN WE'RE AHEAD.

UP 4-2, BOTTOM OF THE NINTH, AND MYERS IS ONE PITCH AWAY FROM BRINGING THIS ONE HOME, FOLKS--

YEAH, THAT'S ME PITCHING.

YEAH, I KNOW I LOOK A LOT YOUNGER. *THANK YOU.*

SO--WHAT HAPPENED?

CRACK

REYNOLDS CONNECTS! THIS ONE'S GOING ALL THE WAY--

AFTER THAT, FIGURED I WAS PRETTY MUCH RETIRED...

MYERS BRIBERY SCANDAL-

'TIL THEY SHOWED UP.

IS THIS SOME KIND OF SEX THING?

WHY WOULD IT BE A SEX THING?

I TOLD THEM I WAS BORN IN AUSTRALIA, SO THEY MADE ME "BOOMERANG."

THIS IS WHY THE WHOLE WORLD HATES YOU, BY THE WAY. AN ENTIRE NATION BOILED DOWN TO WHAT YOU CAN REMEMBER FROM THAT TIME YOU GOT HIGH AND WATCHED "CROCODILE DUNDEE."

GUESS I SHOULD BE GLAD I DIDN'T END UP SOME KINDA KANGAROO GUY.

FOR THE RECORD, I GOT NO IDEA WHO RATTED OUT THOSE JERKS. SERIOUSLY, WASN'T ME.

OH YEAH? FINE, SHOW ME THE TAPE, THEN.

EITHER WAY, I GOT TO KEEP MY GEAR, AND FROM THERE, I DID MY BEST TO KEEP THE STEADY JOBS COMING.

'TIL ONE DAY, I HAD ENOUGH STASHED FOR A DOWN PAYMENT ON A SWEET NEW COSTUME--

FELL IN WITH A FEW CREWS, WORKED MY WAY UP.

AND A CREW OF MY OWN.

SO WHAT DO WE GOT, YOU ASK? WELL, LET'S SEE--

THERE'S THE PRETTY BOY DRIVER-- *OVERDRIVE*.

A PRETTY GIRL THIEF-- *BEETLE*. THE NEW ONE.

AN ADVANCE GUY WHO SPECIALIZES IN BEING THE PAIN IN THE BUTT...

...IN A ROOM FULL OF PAINS IN THE BUTT. *SPEED DEMON*, OBVIOUSLY.

OH. RIGHT. AND A COWARD.

YOU ALWAYS GOTTA HAVE ONE OF THOSE. THANKS, *SHOCKER*.

TOGETHER, WE'RE THE NEW SINISTER SIX.

AND YES, I AM AWARE THERE ARE ONLY FIVE OF US. THANK YOU.

ALL THIS MEANS YOU'RE PROBABLY THINKING THINGS ARE LOOKING UP FOR OLD FRED.

FRED--MY REAL NAME IS FRED. FRED MYERS. YOU DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WHAT MY REAL NAME WAS, DID YOU?

AND ANYWAY--

BANK

$

Z

CAR-DRIVEN

--YOU'D BE WRONG.

SEE, HERE'S THE THING--

NO MATTER WHAT I DO, NO MATTER HOW HARD I TRY, THIS SONG ALWAYS ENDS THE SAME WAY...

WEBBED UP, HANGING OFF A LIGHT POLE.

YOU PUT THAT ON INSTAGRAM, I'LL FIND YOU.

SLEEPING IT OFF IN A JAIL CELL--

TRYING TO GET SOMEONE TO FEED MY DAMN BIRDS.

I DUNNO, FRED--

(SEE? I DO HAVE PETS.)

I WOULD, IT'S JUST-- YOUR APARTMENT, IT'S REALLY FAR OUT-- *QUEENS* AND ALL--

IT'S CREEPY IS WHAT HE MEANS. IT SMELLS LIKE INTERNET *PORNOGRAPHY*. IT'S THE KIND OF APARTMENT *SMART* HOOKERS DON'T GO *INTO*.

AND WHAT KIND OF GUY HAS A *BIRD* ANYWAY?

A *PIRATE?*

THAT'S RIGHT--A *PIRATE*. YOU WORKING ON SOME COOL GUY *PIRATE* THING NOW, *FRED?*

"ARR."

HEH.

NO, JAMES-- I AM *NOT* A PIRATE.

GOOD-- 'CAUSE TAKE IT FROM THE GUY WHO USED TO BE THE *WHIZZER*--COSTUME CHANGE THIS LATE IN LIFE, IT'S BAD FOR THE PERSONAL BRAND.

BE THE GUY WHO *WEARS* A BOOMERANG ON HIS FACE.

OWN THAT.

÷Sigh÷--YOU GUYS GONNA HELP ME OUT, OR WHAT? YOU DON'T EVEN GOTTA *FEED 'EM*--LADY NEXT DOOR SAID SHE WOULD, YOU JUST GOTTA PICK UP *THE SEED* FROM THE PET STORE, PUT IT IN MY *PLACE*.

THING IS, HE COULD PULL OFF THE EYE-PATCH.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, THOSE GUYS ARE WHAT I COUNT FOR FRIENDS.

WELL, AT LEAST THEY ACTUALLY *MADE* THE RUN.

THAT ONE, *MOMMY!*

YOU SURE, SWEETHEART?

YUP!

'S A GOOD DOG.

SURE IS.

Y'KNOW, I HAD A *DOG* JUST LIKE THAT WHEN I WAS YOUR *AGE*.

CALLED HIM SKIPPY. WE USED TO GO *EVERYWHERE* TOGETHER. EVERYWHERE I'D GO, I'D BE LIKE, "C'MON, SKIPPY!" AND THERE WE'D *GO*.

MISS THAT DAMN DOG.

WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?

WELL, ONE DAY, MY MOMMY *SOLD* HIM. FOR DRUGS.

DUDE...

WHAT? TOO *DARK?*

BUT, HEY--MAYBE *YOU* COULD NAME *YOUR* DOG SKIPPY TOO, YEAH?

OH... UH--NO THANKS, MISTER--

HIS NAME'S *INSPECTOR.*

arf arf

...INSPECTOR?

?

KID... I MEAN, C'MON--

THAT IS A *STUPID* NAME FOR A DOG.

YOU'RE STUPID!

I'M--?! YOU'RE STUPID!

YOU ARE.

ALL RIGHT, OKAY, FINE, YOU KNOW-- MAYBE I *AM*. BUT GUESS WHAT?

I'M THE STUPID GUY THAT'S ROBBING YOU RIGHT NOW!

YOU SERIOUS?

OH YEAH. HE'S-- UH--HE'S SERIOUS.

THAT'S RIGHT, [redacted]! NOW GIMME WHAT'S IN THE REGISTER!

STOP CURSING SO MUCH.

YOU'RE UPSETTING THE CATS.

OH, AND... UH...CAN WE GET THE--hold on--THE *BLANTON'S FARM ORGANIC NO MESS BIRD SEED*? THE BULK BAG.

BUNNIES

I GOT THAT IN THE BACK.

YEAH.

YOU DO.

SOUVENIRS

LIVER TREATS

AND THAT *DOG*.

OH, COME *ON*.

NOPE. SHE'S GOTTA *LEARN*.

hruf

I'M TAKIN' IT. CALL ME STUPID.

SORRY. SORRY.

MAYBE "FRIEND" ISN'T THE TERM I'M LOOKING FOR HERE.

OPEN

KITTENS

DONUTS!

INSPECTOR, SERIOUSLY, DUDE-- STOP.

UNFF-- WHATSITSTAIRS...

GRRRRR

THIS DOG IS AN [redacted] MAN. THINK I'M TAKIN' HIM BACK.

GRRRRRR

WHY... DOES...FFF... SOMEONE...LIVE UP SO HIGH-LIKE? S'CRAZY...

AIN'T THAT BAD, YA BIG BABY.

STUPID COSTUME... HFF...TOO MUCH PADDING, YOU KNOW? YOU...YOU GOT SUPER-SPEED... WHY DON'T YOU JUST...UHH...RUN IT UP--

HEY, DO THINGS GET LIGHTER FOR YOU IF YOU START RUNNING UP STAIRS WHILE YOU'RE HOLDING THEM? YEAH, ME EITHER--NO.

'SIDES, I GOT THE DOG.

RRRAF!

HUFF... SHOULDN'TA GOT THE BULK BAG.

RRRRRR

LOOK AT ALL THEM AMAZON NOTES. DELIVERY DUDE MUST BE [redacted], RIGHT? LUG ONE OF THEM JAPANESE ROBOT WIVES UP FIVE FLIGHTS, GUY DON'T EVEN ANSWER.

YOU GONNA?

WHAT?

KEYS. YOU GOT THE--

YOU GOT THEM!

WELL, GREAT, WHAT NOW?

RUN GET THEM?

RUN--TO MANHATTAN? IN THIS TRAFFIC? NOOO.

GRRRRRR

I SAY WE JUST LEAVE IT HERE IN THE HALL. WHO'S GONNA STEAL *BIRDSEED?*

RIGHT.

RRRRR

PEW!

PSHEW...

BQE, MAN, I AM TELLING YOU.

HEY, IT'S UNLOCKED!

RRRRRRR

'ELLO?

--SOMEBODY'S HERE...

HEY, CRACKHEAD/ JUNKIE/ CONFUSED TEEN--

--WE KNOW YOU'RE HERE! COME ON OUT. DON'T BE FOOLED BY ALL THE UNDERWEAR LAYING AROUND, THIS IS A SERIOUS SUPER VILLAIN LAIR YOU'RE SQUATTING IN!

ANYBODY IN--

'EY!

CLOSE THE DAMN DOOR, WOULDYA?

DAILY BUGLE

KA CLICK

ZIP

WELL, AIN'T YOU BOYS THE PUNCTUAL TYPE.*

*HEY KIDS, IT'S HAMMERHEAD!

HAMMERHEAD, SIR--

YOU, UH, YOU FORGOT TO FLUSH.

YEAH, IT'LL SMELL LIKE CRUD IN HERE WHEN FREDDY GETS OUT, WON'T IT? HEH.

YOU GOT THE STUFF?

UH...FRED SAID AN *OLD LADY* WAS GONNA FEED THE BIRDS...

YUP, S'RIGHT--

I'M THE OLD LADY.

GOOD OL' PET SHOP PETE, ALWAYS COMES THROUGH.

RRRRRRIP

WE PROBABLY DIDN'T NEED TO ROB THAT GUY, THEN.

WELL, SUE ME FOR SHOWING A LITTLE INITIATIVE.

THIS LOOKS GOOD, FELLAS--REAL GOOD. NICE JOB.

NOW WHERE'S THE REST OF IT?

REST?

PEW

YYY SSSDDD MMTT!

HE SAYS YOU SOLD HIM OUT, FRED.

HE'LL GET OVER IT.

YY SSNN FFF BTCH!

I DUNNO--HE'S PRETTY UPSET. I THINK HE'S CRYING.

MM NT CRNGGG!

YOU'D'VE NEVER GONE UP THERE IF YOU'D KNOWN WHO WAS WAITING. AND I NEEDED YOU TO GO UP THERE--YOU GET HOW IT IS.

AW GOGGINS! AVA GON' BE PISSED WHEN SHE FINDS THAT OUT--

JAMES?

SORRY, SORRY--

THIS HOSPITAL IS BORING.

CENSORED

LOOK, I NEEDED TO KEEP HAMMER-HEAD ON THE LINE, OR ELSE THIS JOB--

JOB?

JB?

SIGH--YEAH, LOOK, I GOT A LITTLE SOMETHING, ALL RIGHT? *DOCK JOB*. YOU SAW--*JEWELS*. RECESSION-PROOF STUFF. IT'S ON HAMMERHEAD'S *TURF*, THAT WAS HIS *CUT*.

THING IS, THE *BIGGER* SHIPMENT GOT DELAYED BY THE DAMN ORIGIN BOMB ATTACK, WON'T COME IN 'TIL *NEXT WEEK*. WHEN IT DOES...

AND YOU WAS GONNA CUT US *OUT*. JUST LIKE *THAT*.

BUT NOW YOU GOT A CHANCE TO GET *IN*, SEE? FIGURE YOU'VE EARNED IT JUST OFF THAT *MULE RUN*. AND I'D BE HAPPY TO BRING YOU GUYS ON *BOARD*.

YOUR *GENEROSITY* OVERWHELMS, FRED.

YEAH, SURE. BUT, SEE, THING IS--I'M THE ONLY ONE THE SHIP RAT WILL TALK TO, YOU FOLLOW? YOU FELLAS WANT THIS JOB--

LET ME GUESS...YOU'RE GONNA NEED *BAIL*.

YOU GOT IT. AND JAMES? I'D MOVE *FAST* IF I WERE YOU--

I HAVE DONE A *POOR* JOB MAKING FRIENDS HERE.

RULES

THAT'S NOT--THAT'S CODE FOR *TWO* DIFFERENT THINGS.

DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE.

WHY AM I DOING THIS AGAIN?

I TOLD YOU, BEETLE-- WE HAVE TO BAIL FRED OUT OF PRISON.

YEAH, NO, BUT WHY ARE WE BAILING OUT FRED? WE HATE FRED. FRED'S A PRICK.

AH, BUT HE'S GOT A JOB FOR US.

THIS IS A JOB.

I MEAN A REAL JOB.

SIGH-- FINE.

SHE'S HOT, RIGHT?

EXTREMELY.

A-HEM.

YOU THINK I CAN'T HEAR YOU OVER HERE?

I AM A PROFESSIONAL. I AM ROBBING YOU AT GUNPOINT RIGHT NOW. CAN WE MAYBE KEEP THE TOPICS OF CONVERSATION TO HOW TERRIFIED YOU ARE, OR HOW AMAZINGLY WELL PLANNED THIS WHOLE HEIST IS?

IS IT?

SIGH--OKAY, WHICH ONES OF THESE ARE VALUABLE?

WELL, THAT DEPENDS-- WHAT ARE YOU *LOOKING* FOR? ONE IN ONE HUNDRED *VARIANTS?* LOW PRINT RUN *INDIE* TITLES?

GAH!

THIS IS *IMPENETRABLE.*

OKAY, WHAT ABOUT THIS ONE? BETWEEN YOU AND *ME*, IT'S PRETTY *HOT* ON THE OLD EBAY RIGHT NOW--

YEAH, BUT IT *SUCKS.*

YOU THINK *EVERYTHING* SUCKS.

BECAUSE *EVERYTHING* DOES!

OKAY! OKAY! YOU KNOW WHAT? JUST PUT THEM ALL IN A *BOX* FOR ME.

YEAH, OKAY. DO YOU NEED *BAGS* AND *BOARDS?*

C'MON, OVERDRIVE.

LET'S JUST GO, PLEASE.

I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THEY STILL *MADE* THESE THINGS.

COMICS

HEY! MYERS! SOMEBODY WANTS A WORD WITH YOU.

WELL, LOOK WHO IT IS--*FREDDY BOY!* AIN'T YOU SIGHT!

SEE, YOU GOT THAT WRONG--HAMMERHEAD DOESN'T DO THE OLD *GANGSTER* VOICE ANYMORE.

MM. WELL, WHAT CAN I *SAY*, MISTER MYERS?

I TEND TO RESERVE THE FULL *METHOD* TREATMENT--

FOR MY *PAYING* CLIENTS.

YOU'RE GETTING YOUR *PAYMENT*, CHAMELEON.

HH. SO MANY *PROMISES*, SO FEW *KEPT*.

YOU MAY THINK, GIVEN MY *ABILITIES*, THAT *COMING* AND *GOING* FROM THIS *FACILITY* IS EASY. I CAN ASSURE YOU IT IS NOT. I ONLY *DO SO*--

WHEN I HAVE *SOMETHING* TO GAIN.

WELL, YOU DID GET TO *BEAT* UP SHOCKER. THAT WAS FUN, RIGHT? *RIGHT?*

YOU KNOW WHAT IS EXPECTED OF YOU NOW, *MISTER MYERS*. TO BEGIN, YOU AND YOUR CREW WILL *SERVE* ME, WITHOUT *CHARGE*.

OH YEAH. ABSOLUTELY. YOU JUST SUCCESSFULLY KICK-STARTERED A BUNCH OF *CRIMINALS* WITH SUPER-POWERS, DON'T YOU WORRY.

BUT I *DO* WORRY, FREDERICK. IT MAY BE A WEAKNESS, BUT I WORRY FOR YOU. AND WHAT THESE *LACKEYS* OF YOURS WILL DO TO *YOU*--

WHEN THEY FIND OUT THERE IS *NO JOB* FOR THEM.

CAN I GET MY *FAKE* DIAMONDS BACK?

OKAY. SO YEAH— IF YOU WANTED TO FOCUS ON THE NEGATIVE, I AM ON THE HOOK TO A SHAPE-SHIFTING RUSSIAN *MOB BOSS*

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

AND YES, I MAY HAVE TRICKED MY GANG INTO SPENDING THEIR OWN HARD-EARNED LOOT BAILING ME OUT—

THAT'S BAD

IT'S NOT LOADED.

ALL SO I CAN LAND THEM A HEIST THAT DOESN'T ACTUALLY EXIST *PER SE*

BUT I'D LIKE TO POINT OUT, I AM GETTING OUT OF JAIL

AND LET'S FACE IT—JAIL SUCKS

SO THE QUESTION WAS, HOW DO I GET *OUT* OF *BED* IN THE MORNING?

WELL, YOUR *WIFE* DON'T MAKE IT *EASY*. I'LL SAY THAT MUCH. *HEY-O*

BUT REALLY, THE THING IS-- CALL ME *NUTS*, CALL ME AN IDIOT, BUT I KNOW. I KNOW IN MY DAMN *HEART OF HEARTS*-- THAT ONE OF THESE DAYS, IT'S GONNA *HAPPEN* FOR ME

I'M GONNA GET THE DROP ON HIM

I'M GONNA BEAT THE RAP

ACQUITTED

AND I'M GONNA *RUN* THIS TOWN.

LAW OF ODDS ALONE SAYS ONE OF THESE DAYS, IT'S GOTTA HAPPEN, RIGHT?

MY ONLY PROBLEM *BEING*--

EARLY RELEAS

IT SURE AS HELL AIN'T *TODAY*

FOE-NING IT IN...

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Send e-mail to SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM (please mark as OKAY TO PRINT)

Face front, web-heads!

Tom Brennan here, and welcome to the first installment of THE SUPERIOR FOES OF SPIDER-MAN – your one-stop shop for the life and times of Spider-Man's most vile, vicious and vapid villains. We are thrilled to have you with us as we venture into the lives of some of Spider-Man's most fascinating felons. The whole team on Superior Foes – writer Nick Spencer, artist Steve Lieber, colorist Rachelle Rosenberg and letterer Joe Caramagna (of the VC Caramagnas!) -- is thrilled to be working on this book, and the five of us are going to be, like our Superior Foes in this book, scheming month in, month out, to bring you the darkest, edgiest and most unique comic on the stands, so thanks for joining us and strap in for the crimes of the century!

--Tom Brennan
6/6/2013

IT'S SUPERIOR SPIDER-MONTH!

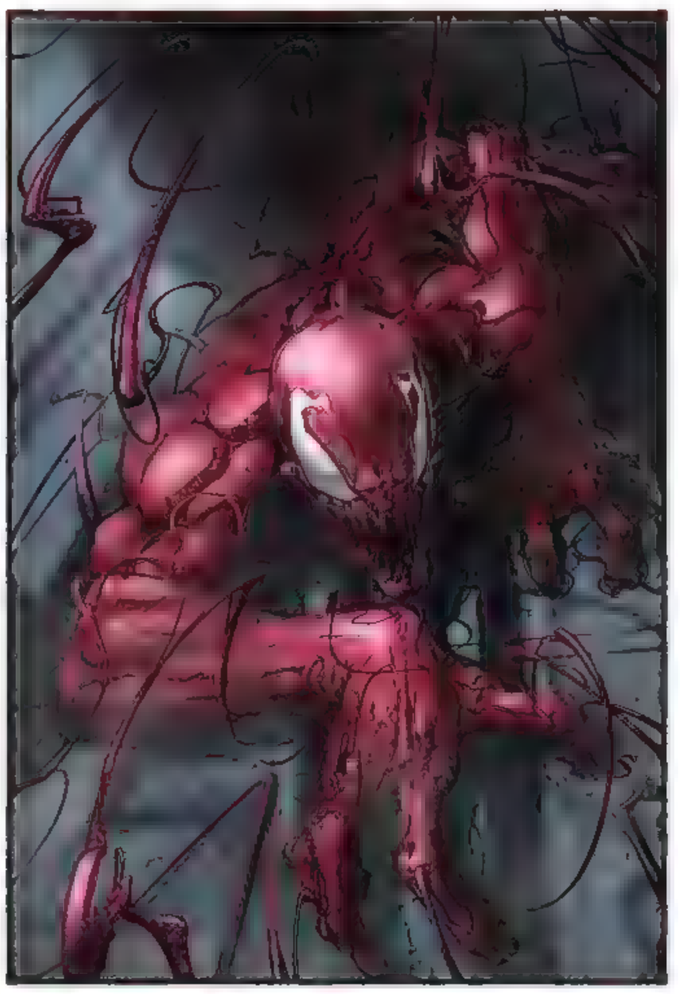
Pick up this month's Spider-Books for more!

SUPERIOR SPIDER-MAN #13

SUPERIOR SPIDER-MAN #14

NEXT:

TARGETED FOR DEATH!



SUPERIOR CARNAGE #1

SUPERIOR SPIDER-MAN TEAM-UP #1

THE SUPERIOR FOES OF

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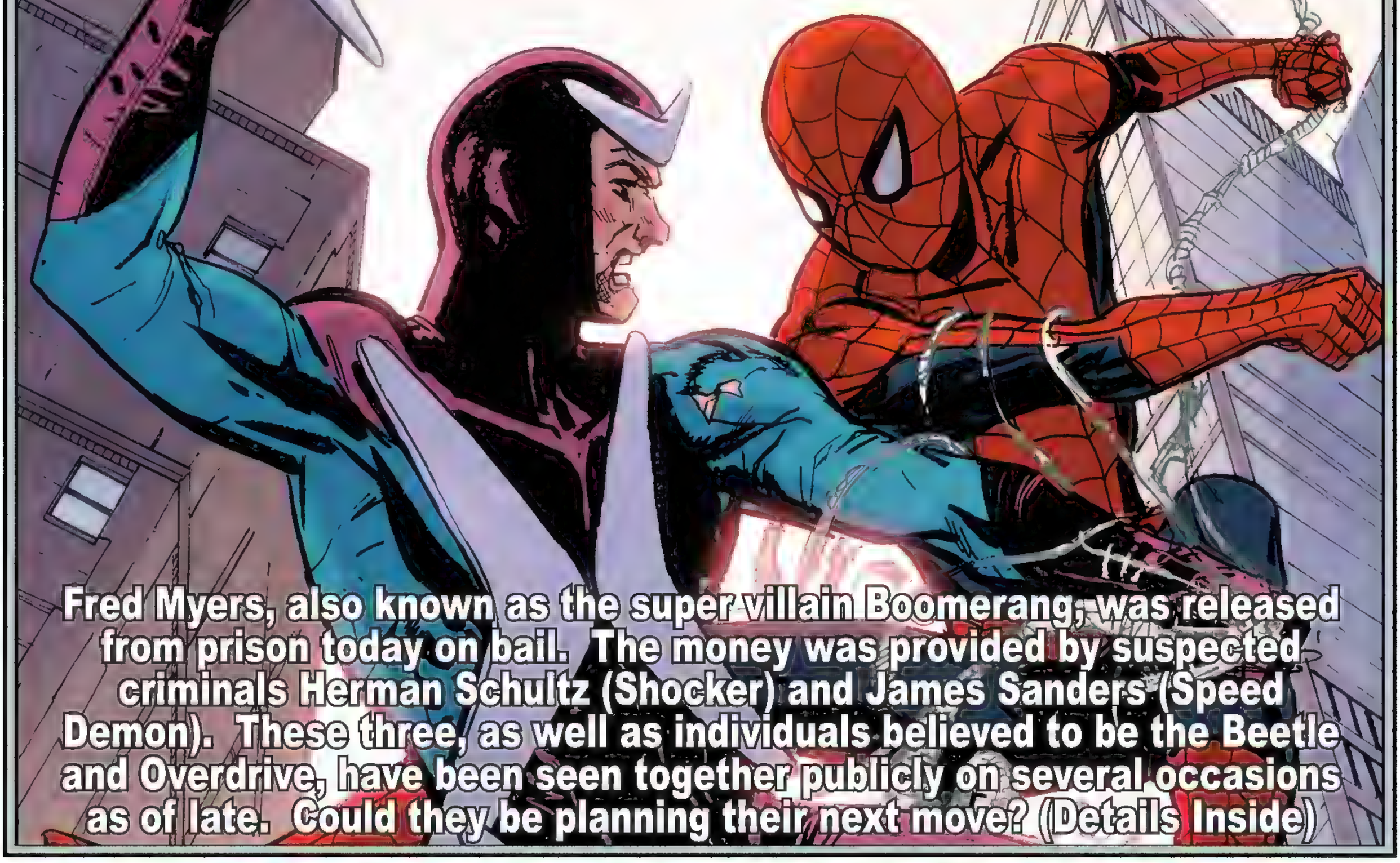
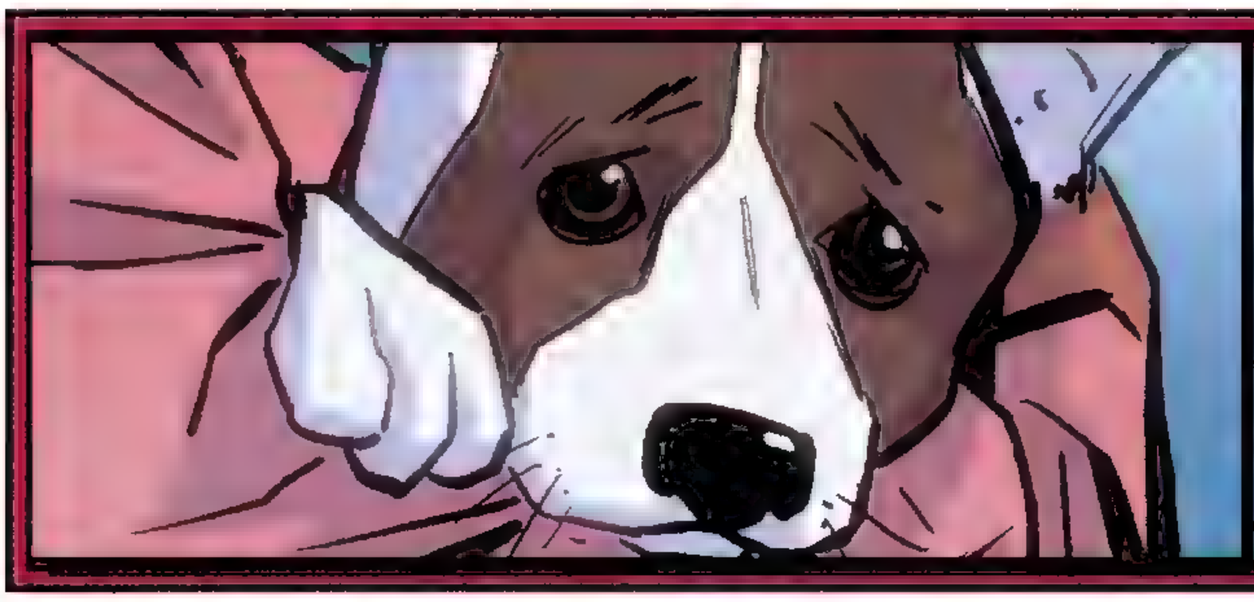
INSIDE: RAFT PRISON CONVERTED TO NEW SPIDEY BASE, NOVA SPOTTED IN NEW YORK, SERPENT SOCIETY INFILTRATES COURTHOUSE

BOOMERANG RELEASED FROM PRISON!



Fred Myers, also known as the super villain Boomerang, was released from prison today on bail. The money was provided by suspected criminals Herman Schultz (Shocker) and James Sanders (Speed Demon). These three, as well as individuals believed to be the Beetle and Overdrive, have been seen together publicly on several occasions as of late. Could they be planning their next move? (Details Inside)



PUPPY STOLEN DURING ROBBERY

Shocker and Speed Demon suspected.

Says witness, "Who does that?!"

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THIS GUY, RIGHT?

THIS GUY MUST BE ONE OF THE *WORST* THINGS ABOUT BEING A COSTUMED CRIMINAL *SUPER VILLAIN*.

AFTER ALL, MOST OF THESE *HERO VIGILANTE* TYPES, YOU RUN INTO THEM, YOU TUSSLE (LOVE THAT WORD), THEN YOU TAKE A LITTLE NAPPY NAP FOR A WHILE

MAYBE GET A LECTURE FROM YOUR DOCTOR ABOUT HOW "A CONCUSSION IS A SERIOUS THING." *OOH.*

BUT YOU CROSS THE *PUNISHER*, CHANCES ARE, SOME WOMAN IS PRETENDING SHE REALLY DID LOVE YOU AT YOUR *FUNERAL* THE NEXT WEEK.

HE DOESN'T PLAY BY ANY *RULES*, UNLESS THE RULE IS *KILLING* YOU. THEN HE *IS* THE RULES. OR, I *DUNNO*.

POINT IS, IT'S TRUE— THIS GUY IS PRETTY DAMN CLOSE TO THE [illegible] PART OF THE GIG, BUT HE'S NOT THE *WORST*.

NO, PROBABLY THE WORST THING ABOUT BEING A COSTUMED CRIMINAL SUPER VILLAIN—

--IS ALL THE STUPID *MEETINGS.*

OKAY, THEN, BY A 4-1 VOTE, THE BATHROOM STAYS *UNISEX.*

NOW, ANY OTHER BUSINESS, OR CAN WE START DRINKING?

SORRY, *SHOCKER.*

NEVER STOPPED!

UH, YEAH, I HAVE *SOMETHING--*

CAN WE TALK ABOUT THE EMPTY *CHAIR?*

I MISS *THE LIVING BRAIN.*

YOU'RE THE *ONLY* ONE.

NO, OVERDRIVE'S RIGHT-- WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE THE SINISTER *SIX.*

YEAH, SO?

SO-- THERE'S *FIVE* OF US.

OH COME ON, *BEETLE...*

SERIOUSLY?

WHAT?

LOOK, WHAT'S A BETTER DEAL THAN BEING THE *SINISTER SIX*, BUT ONLY SPLITTING THE MONEY *FIVE* WAYS? HUH? HUH?

PLUS, *OBAMACARE*, YOU GO TO *SIX* EMPLOYEES-- IT'S *TRICKY*.

PEOPLE ARE GOING TO BE *CONFUSED*.

NO THEY'RE NOT! DID WE NOT TALK ABOUT THE WHOLE "*AIR OF MYSTERY*" THING? PEOPLE SEE US, THEY'LL JUST THINK, "WHO'S THE SECRET SIXTH GUY," RIGHT?

I MEAN, THEN IT COULD BE ANYBODY! IT COULD BE *DORMAMMU!*

IT'S ALWAYS *DORMAMMU* WITH YOU...

I'M TELLING YOU, THAT'S *WAY* COOLER.

BOOMERANG--

THAT IS GENUINELY THE *STUPIDEST* THING I HAVE EVER HEARD A REAL *PERSON* SAY.

YOU'RE STUPID!

SORRY.

WE UH--WE COULD ALWAYS GO WITH "THE *SINISTER SYNDICATE...*"

NO!

BOO! SHUT UP!

THE SINISTER SYNDICATE WERE LOSERS! I CAN'T BELIEVE *YOU* WOULD SUGGEST THAT, *HERMAN.* FOR *US.*

HOLD ON, SPEED DEMON-- WEREN'T YOU GUYS *IN* THE SINISTER SYNDICATE?

WELL, *YEAH,* RIGHT, SURE-- BUT NOW WE'RE *THE SINISTER SIX!*

HOW DO YOU PEOPLE NOT *GET* THIS?

BEING AN EXECUTIVE IS *HARD.*

BUT YOU KNOW, I TAKE IT *BACK.* THAT'S NOT THE *WORST* PART OF BEING A COSTUMED SUPER VILLAIN. NO, *WORST* PART, MAYBE--

--IS DEALING WITH THE DAMN LAWYERS.

FREDDIE BOY! YOU LOOK *FANTASTIC!*

PARTRIDGE.

I MEAN IT, THOUGH--*BABE*, DOESN'T FRED LOOK GOOD? HE LOOKS-- *VIRILE*.

HE *DOES!*

YOU GOT *SUN*, DIDN'T YOU? THAT'S *GOOD* FOR YOU, YOU KNOW.

NO, IT *ISN'T*. AND I GOT IT FROM BEING OUT IN A *PRISON YARD*.

WELL IT SUITS YOU. *COFFEE?* YEAH, YOU WANT A COFFEE.

BABE! COUPLE COFFEES? PRONTO?

I'M NOT CALLING HER *BABE* BECAUSE SHE'S MY SECRETARY BY THE WAY. WE GOT *MARRIED*. GOT MARRIED LAST MONTH. THAT'S MY *WIFE*.

BUT SHE CAN STILL SUE FOR IT, CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT?

THANKS, *BABE*. NOW--

WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, *FREDDY?*

WHAT CAN YOU-- *ARE YOU SERIOUS?*

I'M OUT ON *BAIL*, PARTRIDGE! NIGHT I WENT IN YOU SAID YOU'D HAVE IT ALL FIXED UP BY *MORNING*--THEN YOU STOPPED TAKING MY CALLS!

I WAS IN *CANCUN!* YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE THAT NEEDS A LITTLE *VITAMIN D*, YOU KNOW!

I PAID YOU IN *ADVANCE!*

HOW DO YOU THINK I COULD AFFORD TO GO TO CANCUN ON SHORT NOTICE LIKE THAT?!

OKAY, ALL RIGHT, FINE--WHAT'S DONE IS DONE, THE PAST IS THE PAST, YOU AND ME GO WAY BACK--WE CAN FIX THIS.

I'M LISTENING.

WELL, THE *GOOD NEWS* IS, I HAD A LUNCH WITH MY FRIEND IN THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE, AND WE CAN GET THEM TO DROP *MOST* OF THESE CHARGES.

WHAT'S THAT GONNA *COST* ME?

SOME *YUPPY THING*, I DUNNO. JANICE'LL E-MAIL YOU.

FINE.

BUT THERE'S ONE MORE THING--

THERE *ALWAYS* IS.

YOU VIOLATED THE TERMS OF YOUR *PAROLE*, PAL!

I WAS ON *PAROLE?*

YEAH, AND NOTHING I CAN DO ON THAT ONE, OKAY?

I'M NOT *SANTA CLAUS*. JANICE ISN'T AN *ELF*. THIS ISN'T THE *NORTH POLE*. MY CAR'S NOT--

A *SLEIGH*. YEAH. I THINK I GET WHAT YOU'RE *SAYING*.

BESIDES IT'S *AUGUST! CAN'T BE CHRISTMAS*, RIGHT? BUT DON'T YOU WORRY--ODDS ARE, THEY JUST GIVE YOU A LITTLE SLAP ON THE *WRIST*.

HEY, WHERE DO YOU THINK THAT SAYING COMES FROM ANYWAY? I'VE *NEVER* BEEN SLAPPED ON MY WRIST!

I DON'T KNOW, PARTRIDGE.

EH, THE *MYSTERIES* OF THE UNIVERSE, RIGHT?

ANYWAY, DON'T YOU SWEAT THIS, FREDDIE, OLD *DADDY P* IS GONNA TAKE CARE OF YOU-- YOU REMEMBER, WHEN YOU'RE IN WITH *ME*, YOU'RE IN--

--THE *PARTRIDGE FAMILY!*

LOOK, WE'LL GO MEET WITH YOUR PAROLE BOARD, PLAY *NICE*, AND BEFORE YOU KNOW IT YOU'LL BE *ALL GOOD* WITH THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

WE'RE A TOWN THAT BELIEVES IN *SECOND CHANCES!* GOOD FOR US, RIGHT?

BUT ONE THING, FREDDY-- 'TIL THAT MEETING, *WHATEVER* YOU DO--

DONKEY KONG

THE DUKES OF HAZZARD

01

YOU KEEP YOUR NOSE *CLEAN*, YOU HEAR ME?

WHAT?

GIMME EVERYTHING YOU GOT!

GUY'S GOTTA EAT

ZOLAR

RICE

ZAGAT.

ZAGAT

RIGHT. ZAGAT CALLS THIS PLACE "THE ULTIMATE IN ABSURDLY DECADENT MANHATTAN DINING."

STUFF LIKE THIRTY-FIVE GRAND FOR A *SUNDAE* WITH A *DIAMOND* IN IT. TEN GRAND FOR A *MARTINI* THAT COMES WITH A *DIAMOND NECKLACE*

KINDA PLACE ALL THE WALL STREET GUYS GO WITH THEIR *NOT-WIVES* TO SHOW OFF THE MONEY THEY *STOLE* FROM THE GOVERNMENT TO MAKE UP FOR THE MONEY THEY LOST STEALING FROM *POOR PEOPLE*.

I MYSELF AM MORE OF A *BURGER AND FRIES* GUY

BUT IT OPENED *BIG*--THE PLACE IS THE TALK OF THE TOWN. PROBLEM IS, LIKE *EVERYTHING* IN NEW YORK--

SOMEONE GOT HERE BEFORE *YOU* DID.

RESTAURANT ACROSS THE STREET WAS *DEAD AS DISCO*, SO WE WERE ABLE TO WORK OUT A DEAL.

WE COME IN, BUST THE PLACE UP FOR THEM, GET IT SHUT DOWN FOR A *FEW WEEKS*--WHICH IN THIS TOWN IS LONG ENOUGH TO MAKE *YOU OLD NEWS*.

IN EXCHANGE, WE GET OUR *FEE*, PLUS WHATEVER WE WANT--

NO ACCESS

--FROM THE *KITCHEN*.

24K

NOT A *BIG* SCORE, MIND YOU, BUT WE NEED SOMETHING TO TIDE US OVER UNTIL THAT *BIG SCORE* THAT DOESN'T ACTUALLY EXIST. AND *BESIDES*--

I FIGURED THE GANG COULD USE A *TREAT*

I CAN'T PRONOUNCE *ANY* OF THIS STUFF.

I'LL HAVE WHATEVER'S THE *MOST* EXPENSIVE MEAT THING.

UGH. *PHILISTINES*. I'LL HAVE THE *DUCK TERRINE*, PLEASE.

Y-YES, MADAM.

AND MAKE IT *SNAPPY!* MY WRESTLING IS ON IN AN *HOUR!*

WHAT?

COULD YOU *NOT*, THIS ONCE, PLEASE?

GET A *DVR.*

SEE?

2006 WILLAMETTE VALLEY PINOT NOIR. US$450/BOTTLE. NOTES OF PEPPER, OAK, & CHERRY

EVERYBODY WINS

DOES THIS LOOK *MEDIUM* TO YOU?

UH--WELL-- WE'RE A BIT... *UNDERSTAFFED*, SIR-- WITH THE ROBBERY? YOUR COLLEAGUE BROKE THE CHEF'S *ARM*--

RIGHT. *THAT'S* AN EXCUSE?

I--I'LL SEND IT *BACK*, SIR.

SOMEBODY'S NOT GETTING A *TIP.*

YOU SHOULD GO GET *OVERDRIVE*, LET HIM GET IN ON THIS.

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? HE'S THE *LOOKOUT*. EMPHASIS ON *OUT*. THERE. NOT *HERE*.

PRETTY SURE THE COAST IS CLEAR.

WHAT DO YOU NEED WITH THAT WEIRD LEATHER GUY ANYHOW? I GOT *SUPER-SPEED, BABY!*

THANKS, BUT *NO*.

JUST SAYIN'--I KNOW YOUR DEAL. YOU'RE LOOKIN' TO MAKE A NAME FOR YOURSELF IN THIS INDUSTRY AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE. I JUST WANNA MAKE SURE YOU KNOW WE CAN GET THAT SEX TAPE DONE RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NOW.

OR WE CAN BUILD FROM A FOUNDATION OF *FRIENDSHIP* AND *TRUST*. WHATEVER WORKS FOR YOU.

I'LL GO GET HIM.

NNNNNNNN

YOU KNOW, IF THAT THING THEY SAY ABOUT GUYS WHO NEED NICE CARS IS *TRUE*, *HIS* HAS GOTTA BE *NONEXISTENT*.

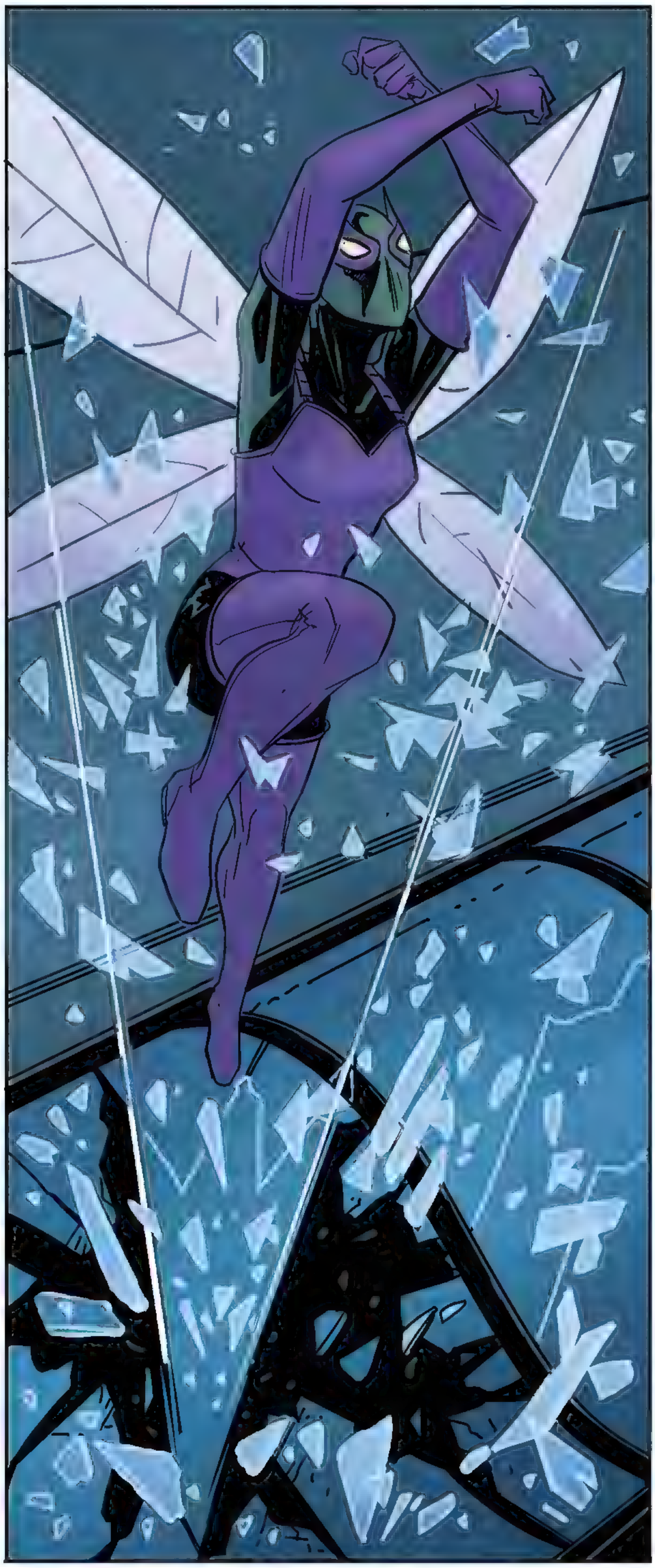
OR PURPLE.

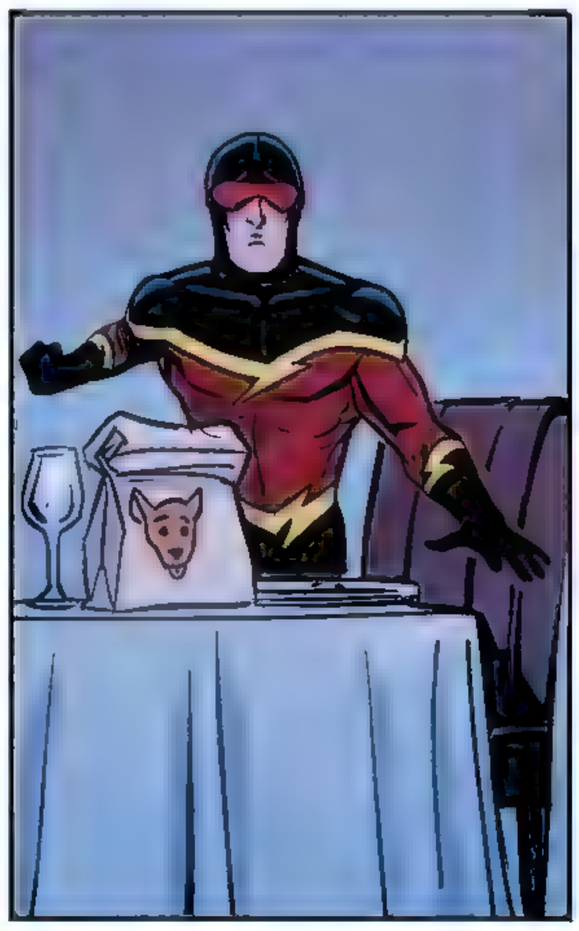
OVERDRIVE? HEY, DO YOU WANNA COME IN AND--

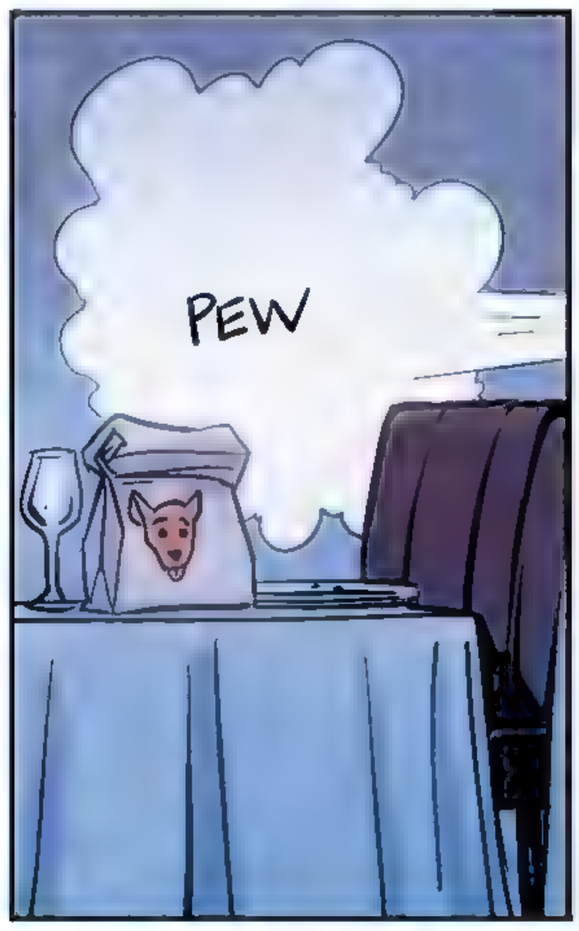
...OVERDRIVE?

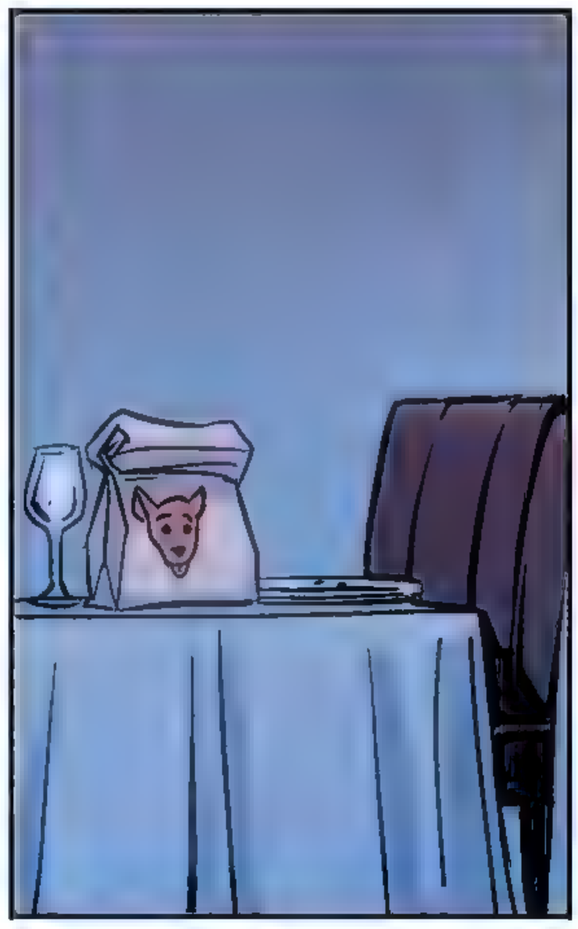
SKREET

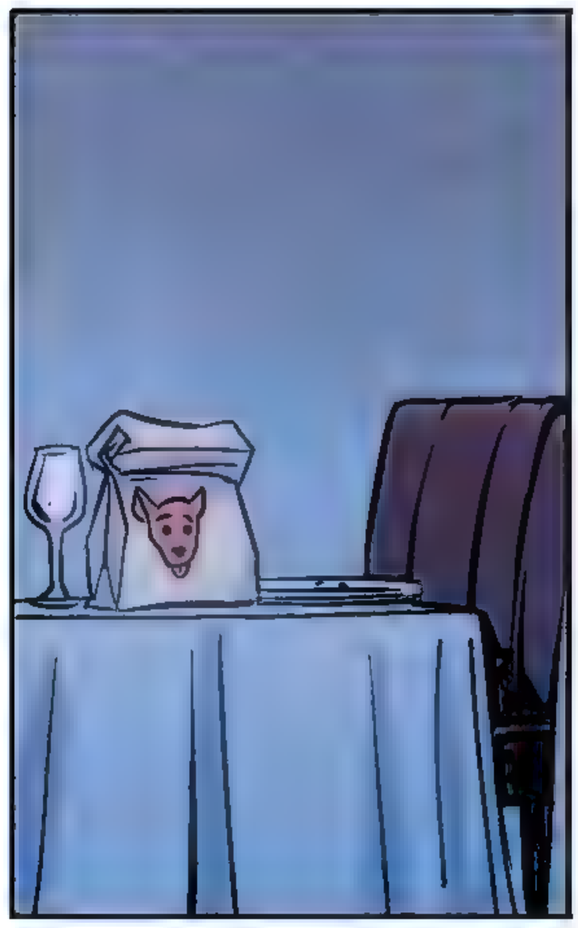
AW, NERTZ!






PEW





PEW

WUZZALLTHATRACKET HUH?

OH. HEY.

POP POP POP

YOU KNOW WHAT THE WORST PART OF MY JOB IS?

WELL, THIS SHOULD BE AN INTERESTING PERSPECTIVE.

BACKGROUND CHECKS?

IT'S HEARING THOSE LAST WORDS.

AH, GOD--

NOT BECAUSE THEY MAKE ME FEEL *ANYTHING*, UNDERSTAND--

JUST THE ******* *REPETITION* OF IT.

WHY AM I STILL BREATHING HERE?

SO YOU WANNA START *SAYIN'* SOMETHING I'VE *HEARD* BEFORE?

I... I...

I DON'T WANNA DIE WITH A *BOOMERANG* ON MY FOREHEAD.

HH. GOTTA ADMIT--

THAT ONE IS ENTIRELY NEW TO ME.

AW, CHAMELEON! SERIOUSLY?!

THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE IS *PRICELESS* TO ME.

YOU DON'T THINK THIS SCHTICK IS GETTING A LITTLE *TIRED?*

OW!

BE *CAREFUL*, MR. MYERS-- JUST BECAUSE I AM *NOT* FRANK CASTLE, DOES NOT MEAN I CANNOT GIVE A FEW *NIGHTMARES* OF MY OWN.

TCH, TCH, TCH...SUCH A SHAME THIS. A RATHER *WELL-PLANNED* HEIST, IT WOULD APPEAR. NOW WITH YOUR CREW *GONE*, THE AUTHORITIES NO DOUBT ON THEIR *WAY*...

YOU SEE HOW *DISRUPTIVE* IT CAN BE, TAKING ON *NEW* ASSIGNMENTS WHEN YOU HAVEN'T FULFILLED YOUR OBLIGATIONS TO THE *OLD* ONES.

I *E-MAILED*, DIDN'T I?

WE HAD AN *AGREEMENT*. I HAVE HELD TO MY END, NOW IT IS TIME YOU HELD TO *YOURS*.

YEAH, AND I ALREADY TOLD YOU! I NEED MY *CREW* TO GET THE JOB DONE, AND TO *KEEP* MY CREW, I GOTTA GET THEM *PAID*--

THESE MATTERS ARE NOT MY *CONCERN*, FRED MYERS. YOUR OTHER OUTSTANDING DEBTS DO NOT AFFECT MY *LEDGER*.

I HAVE BEEN *MORE* THAN PATIENT WITH YOU IN THIS REGARD--NOW IT IS TIME YOU GAVE ME WHAT YOU *PROMISED*--

--IT IS TIME YOU GAVE ME THE *HEAD* OF *SILVIO SILVERMANE*.

OKAY YEAH

WE'LL GET TO THAT.

WHAT WAS IT *LIKE?*

WELL, I'M NOT GONNA LIE...

IT WAS *AWESOME!*

HE PUT THE GUN TO MY HEAD AND I WAS JUST LIKE *"MAKE SURE YOU PUT IT RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BOOMERANG-- SO THEY KNOW."*

MAN, I CAN'T BELIEVE IT--FACE-TO-FACE WITH THE PUNISHER, AND STILL *BREATHING*. THAT'S *HARDCORE*.

WHAT'D I TELL YOU GUYS? MY BOY FREDDIE'S NO *PUNK*. BET THAT PSYCHO'S STILL *LIMPING* BACK TO RED HOOK.

NAH, NAH--I JUST GOT *LUCKY*. HIS GUN JAMMED, AND I JUST HAPPENED TO HAVE THE *GAS 'RANG* ON ME. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN, I'M *ZIPPED UP* BY NOW.

LOOK AT 'IM, *MODEST*, TOO. BOSS, YOU ARE AN INSPIRATION TO ALL OF US. I WISH I'D BEEN THERE TO SEE IT, BUT I GOT THIS THING ABOUT *NOT* DYING...

YEAH, LISTEN, I KNOW I WAS *LOOKOUT*, BUT...

HEY, HEY...WE'VE ALL BEEN THERE. DON'T YOU SWEAT IT. YOU SEE THE BIG SKULL ON HIS CHEST, IT'S EVERY MAN FOR *HIMSELF*.

COWARDS

BUT HERE'S THE THING-- THIS WHOLE *EXPERIENCE*, IT'S REALLY OPENED MY EYES, YOU KNOW?

WHEN I WAS SITTING THERE, THINKING I WAS GONNA DIE-- I ASKED MYSELF--WHAT AM I *DOING* HERE? WHAT'S THE *POINT?*

I REALIZED I'D LET YOU GUYS *DOWN.*

K-TAK

WHAT? NO...

THAT'S NOT TRUE...

FINALLY.

THING IS, WE'RE *SUPPOSED* TO BE THE SINISTER SIX.

WE'RE *SUPPOSED* TO BE FEARED. *RESPECTED.*

AND WHAT DO I GOT YOU DOING? BUSTING UP *RESTAURANTS?*

THAT STEAK WAS *FANTASTIC.*

WE SHOULD BE *RUNNING* THIS TOWN! THINKING BIG, TAKING WHAT'S OURS!

SO FROM NOW, WE'RE GONNA DO THINGS DIFFERENTLY...FROM NOW, WE AIM *HIGH*. AND I KNOW JUST HOW TO PUT US ON THE MAP. HOW TO GET THE THING THAT GIVES US AN *EMPIRE*.

OOH. *JOB.*

S'RIGHT.

WHAT IS IT?

THE *HEAD* OF *SILVIO SILVERMANE.*

AGAIN-- WE'LL GET TO THAT.

BUT THAT'S-- THAT'S A *MYTH.*

RIGHT-- THAT'S SOMETHING GANGSTERS TELL THEIR GANGSTER KIDS ABOUT BEFORE THEY GO TO BED. IT'S NOT A *REAL* THING.

BUT IT *IS...*

I'VE *SEEN* IT.

SERIOUSLY-- NOT NOW, LATER--

WHOA.

YOU BEEN HOLDING OUT ON US!

I'VE SEEN IT, AND I KNOW HOW TO GET IT.

SO WHO'S WITH ME?

I GUESS...IF THIS IS ON THE UP AND UP...HELL YEAH, I AM.

ABSO- -LUTELY.

WE'RE *RICH!*

HOW ABOUT *YOU*, HERMAN?

HM... OH...UH... I, UH...

SOMETHING'S UP WITH SHOCKER

SOMETHING NOT *GOOD.*

LOOK, YOU'LL GET IT, OKAY? I JUST NEED A FEW MORE DAYS. NOW ROUGH ME UP A LITTLE *MORE*--

HM?

C'MON, NOBODY'S GONNA BELIEVE I GOT OUT OF A SCRAP WITH THE *PUNISHER THIS* EASY...

C'MON! WE CAN'T DO IT WITHOUT OUR BIG YELLOW QUILT-GUY, *HERMY!*

I GUESS *SO*. FOR NOW.

ALL RIGHT! LET'S GET THIS DANCE STARTED THEN...

AND YEAH, THAT SETS OFF MY EXECUTIVE-SENSE SOMETHING FIERCE. BUT HEY, WHATEVER HIS PROBLEM IS, GIVE HIM *CREDIT*--

LEAST HE'S NOT THE ONE CRYING ON THE OUTSIDE

WELL, I HOPE YOU AT LEAST GOT HER *PHONE NUMBER*, YOU OLD DOG.

HRRNN...

PAROLE BOARD

QUIET

FRED, HEY, YOU WITH ME? YOU'RE NOT LOOKING SO *GOOD*, PAL. HERE--HAVE SOME OF MY *FRESHLY SQUEEZED*.

NO THANKS...

SUIT YOURSELF. NOW, LIKE I SAID *BEFORE*, THIS WHOLE THING SHOULD BE A PIECE OF *CAKE*. AND EVERYBODY LOVES CAKE, RIGHT? EXCEPT FOR CHOCOLATE CAKE, SPEAKING PERSONALLY. TOO RICH. BUT THIS IS LIKE *ANGEL FOOD* CAKE.

BECAUSE YOU'RE MY LITTLE *ANGEL*.

CAN THIS PLEASE JUST *END?*

HA, SEE, NOW, THAT KINDA HUMOR WILL BE LOST ON THESE FOLKS, DON'T WASTE IT. WHAT WE WANNA DO IS SHOW THEM THE *REAL* FRED MYERS, THE GUY WE ALL KNOW AND *LOVE*.

YOU MEAN THE ONE THAT THROWS *EXPLOSIVE* BOOMERANGS AT PEOPLE?

HA! LET'S LEAVE THOSE IN THE *CLOSET* THIS TIME. NO, WHAT YOU WANT TO DEMONSTRATE IS HOW THE EXPERIENCE OF PRISON HAS *CHANGED* YOU. MADE YOU A BETTER MAN, EAGER TO *CONTRIBUTE*.

SO, I *DON'T* WANNA KILL ANYONE ANYMORE?

FOR *STARTERS!*

PAROLE BOARD

QUIET

GOOD MORNING, EVERYONE. THE PURPOSE OF THIS MEETING IS TO HEAR TESTIMONY IN REGARDS TO A RECENT PAROLE VIOLATION ON THE PART OF MR. ***FRED MYERS***, AKA ***BOOMERANG***. MR. MYERS, I UNDERSTAND YOU'D LIKE TO ADDRESS THE BOARD ***PERSONALLY?***

UH, YES, YOUR HONOR.

SEE, I...WELL, IT'S HARD TO SAY WHERE TO START HERE. I GUESS, BACK WHEN I WAS ***SIX...***

...SO...WITH THE LOVE OF A GOOD WOMAN...

...AND WHAT ***SCIENTOLOGY*** HAS TAUGHT ME...

...NEVER REALIZED HOW MUCH I MISSED MY FATHER...

...AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT MY ***THERAPIST*** THINKS.

MM. WELL, THANK YOU MR. MYERS, THAT WAS--VERY ***ILLUMINATING.***

AND I'M HAPPY TO INFORM YOU THAT, AFTER A BRIEF CONFERENCE WITH MY COLLEAGUES, WE ARE IN FACT WILLING TO LOOK PAST THIS VIOLATION OF YOUR TERMS--

YEAH! ***FEEL*** THAT!

A-HEM.

WITH A ***CAVEAT*** OF SORTS.

WUSAT?

YOU MEAN THE EXPLODING BOOMERANG THING.

FRED! CLOSET!

PRECISELY. AS SUCH, WE'VE RECENTLY INSTITUTED A ***PILOT PROGRAM*** TO CONTRACT OUT SERVICES FROM THOSE WHO MIGHT BE--BETTER-***SUITED*** TO THE TASK. THUS FAR, THE RESULTS HAVE BEEN VERY ***ENCOURAGING.***

WITH THAT SAID, MR. MYERS, WOULD YOU LIKE TO MEET YOUR NEWLY APPOINTED *PAROLE* OFFICER?

HEH. SURE. BRING OUT THE NEW DEAD GUY.

AH, BUT THEN, COME TO THINK OF IT, YOU'VE MET ALREADY. IN FACT, THE TWO OF YOU GO *SOME WAYS BACK--*

YOUR FORMER PARTNER, THE *ORIGINAL* BEETLE, *ABNER JENKINS--*

ALSO KNOWN AS THE HERO,

MACH VII.

HEY, FRED!

FOE-NING IT IN...

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Greetings, Foe-Fans!
I don't have a ton of time to write this month, but you guys sure didn't have that problem! The reviews are in on Superior Foes #1 and you folks went CRAZY for it! So I'm gonna quit my blabbin' and let you guys go gabbin'.

Yes! I've been hoping for a funny Nick Spencer book for a while. Superior Foes is really fun. Great dialogue, great timing. My favorite moment was Speed Demon's "Pew!" when he sees Hammerhead getting angry. I love it. Thanks!

--Danny Horn
San Mateo CA

Now THAT'S how you do a villain team-up book. I love reading villains play off each other. Their dialogue amongst themselves, like Shocker and Speed Demon in the pet shop? Loved it. Nice to see a book with some proper costumed super villains bantering and angsting about getting their butts handed to them all the time by heroes. Reminds me of the Thunderbolts back when they first started. I really hope this book stays around for the long haul.

-Casey

Dear Superior Crew,
Deadly bad guys getting a chance to star in their own comic is a concept that I can't resist, so I had to pick up the first issue of The Superior Foes of Spider-Man! Of course, when you have Nick Spencer and Steve Lieber on your crew, you have the potential for the crime comic of the century, and Spencer and Lieber did not fail to deliver the goods in the first issue. One of my favorite villains is Boomerang, and I'm eager to see his leadership skills in action as he manages some very challenging personalities, particularly Speed Demon. Packed with cool characters handled by a great creative team, The Superior Foes of Spider-Man is so awesomely good, it should be illegal!

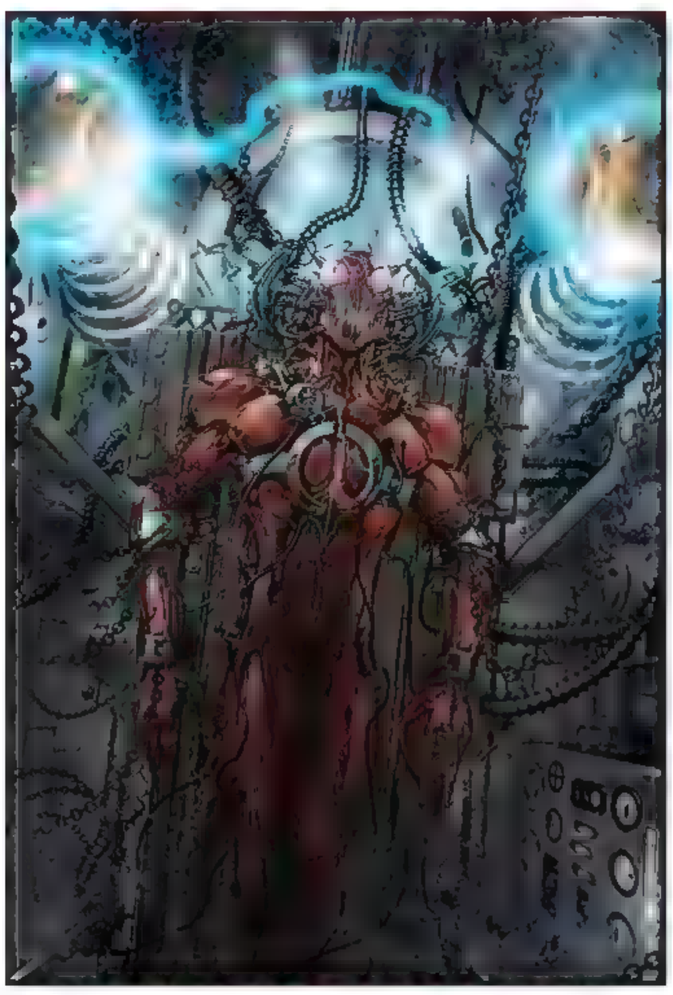
Reed Beebe
Kansas City, MO

And that's it for this month – we'll be back next month as the Superior Foes are on the hunt for the head...of SILVIO SILVERMANE!

See ya in 30,
Temerarious Tom

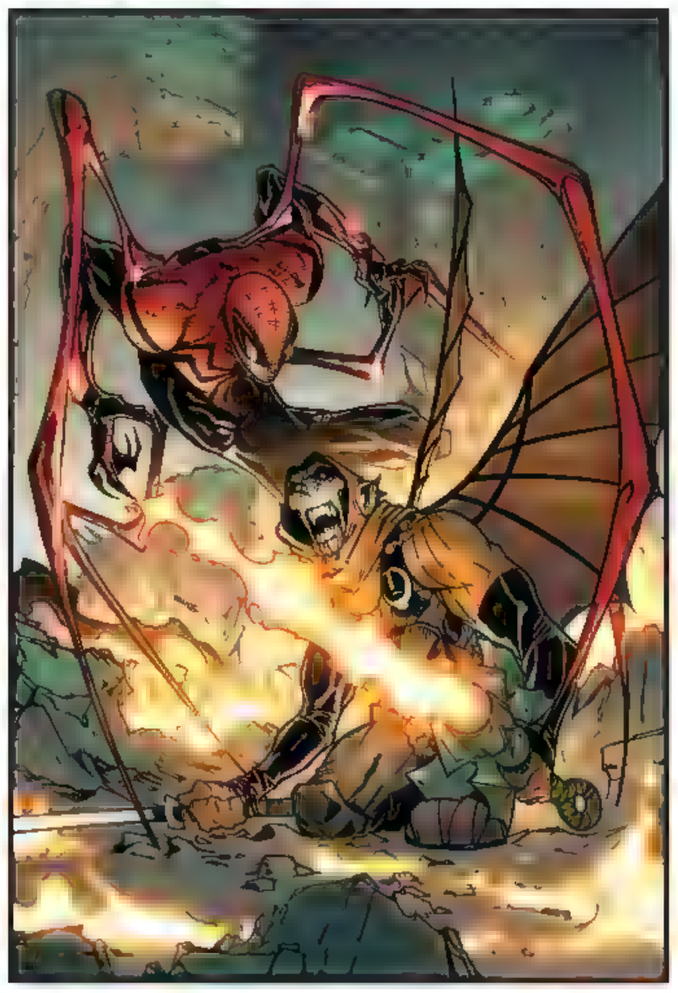
ON SALE!

SUPERIOR SPIDER-MAN TEAM-UP #2



SUPERIOR CARNAGE #2

SCARLET SPIDER #20



SUPERIOR SPIDER-MAN #15

SUPERIOR SPIDER-MAN #16

NEXT:

THE SUPERIOR FOES OF SPIDER-MAN

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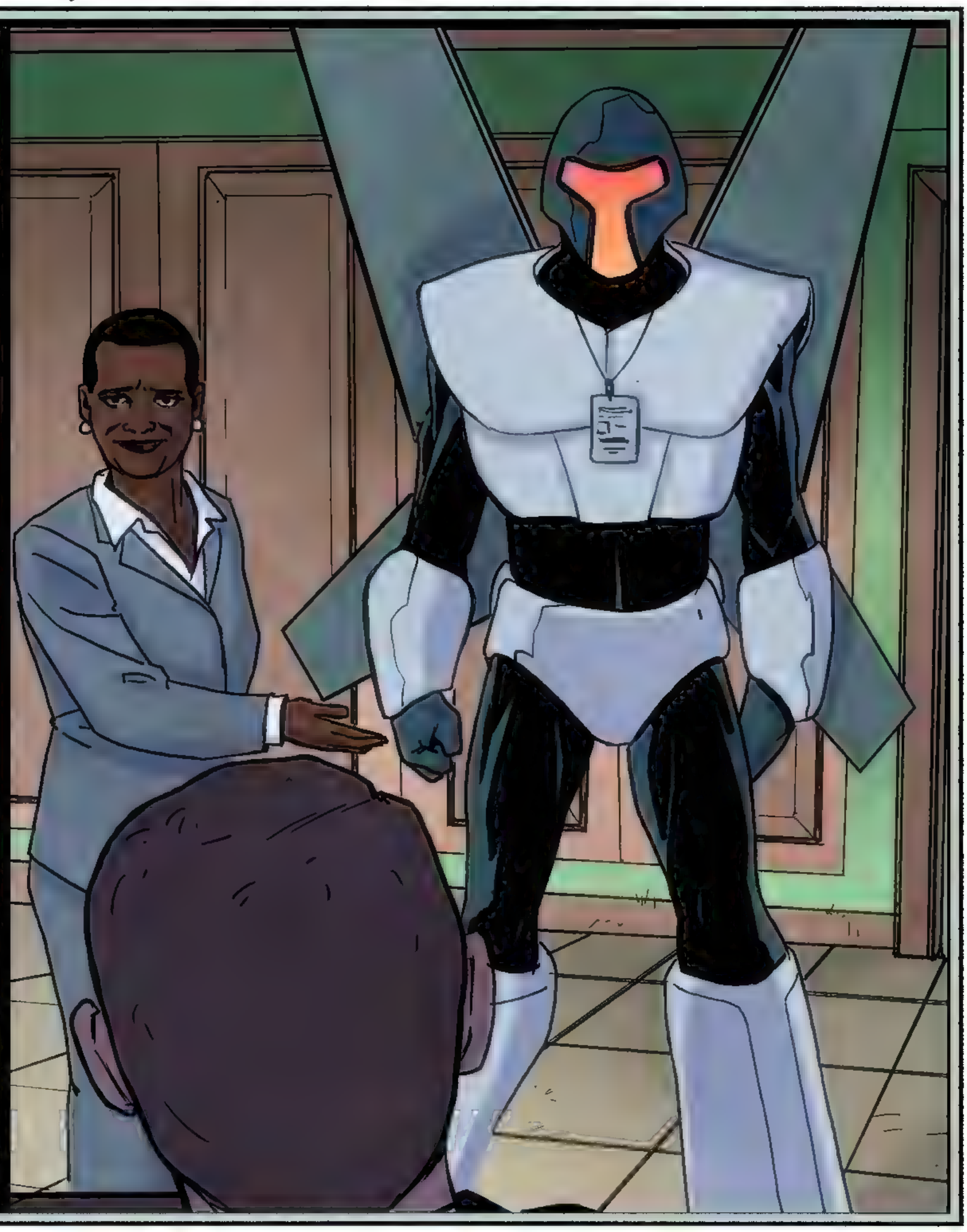
INSIDE: DAREDEVIL AND THE SILVER SURFER HANG TEN; STARK RETURNS TO EARTH; SCARLET SPIDER PAINTS THE TOWN RED

A NEW SHERIFF IN TOWN

Local justices today announced that the first man to don the identity of the super villain The Beetle, Abner Jenkins, has been hired as one of the city's newest parole officers. Jenkins, who now works as a super hero under the moniker MACH VII, will be handling FRED MYERS (BOOMERANG of the SINISTER SIX) as his first case. Myers had no comment upon this announcement, though he was spotted vomiting and cursing loudly outside of the courthouse.



SINISTER SIX RESTAURANT ROBBERY HALTED BY THE PUNISHER

Did the vigilante give them their just desserts? Find out inside!

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STEVE LIEBER — ARTIST
RACHELLE ROSENBERG — COLOR ART
VC'S JOE CARAMAGNA — LETTERER
MICHAEL DEL MUNDO — COVER ARTIST

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ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, THE HEAD OF *SILVIO SILVERMANE*. FINE. LET'S GO.

SILVIO MANFREDI WAS A *GANGSTER* OF THE ORIGINAL VARIETY--BORN IN SICILY, MADE IN NEW YORK. HARDCORE.

THEY CALLED HIM *SILVERMANE* BECAUSE--OKAY, SOME THINGS PROBABLY DON'T NEED TO BE SPELLED OUT.

AT ONE TIME HE RAN THE BIGGEST CRIMINAL EMPIRE THIS SIDE OF THE KINGPIN--THE *MAGGIA FAMILY*.

HE WAS FEARED AND RESPECTED BY ALL. HE PLAYED BY THE OLD RULES. HE TREATED HIS GUYS RIGHT. HE WAS THE LAST OF HIS KIND.

BUT THEN, LIKE ALL OF US--UNLESS YOU'RE A *NORSE GOD*, OR AN *IMMORTAL ALIEN BEING*, OR A *MILLION* OTHER THINGS--TIME CAUGHT UP WITH HIM.

HE PUT UP A GOOD FIGHT--TRIED DAMN NEAR EVERYTHING--FIRST IT WAS AN *ANTI-AGING SERUM*, THEN HE ENDED UP GETTING THIS WEIRD ROBOT BODY THAT MADE HIM LOOK LIKE THE *TERMINATOR* IF SCHWARZENEGGER PLAYED HIM NOW (WAIT, WHAT?)

STILL WASN'T ENOUGH THOUGH. HE LOST A STEP, LIKE *ALL* THE GREAT ONES DO, AND WHEN HE DID--

THE *OWL* WAS THERE WAITING FOR HIM.

THE WHOLE THING WENT DOWN AT A RED HOOK SCRAP YARD. SILVERMANE'S RIGHT HAND--*HAMMERHEAD*--WAS THERE. (THE *REAL* ONE, NOT *CHAMELEON-PRETENDING-TO-BE-HAMMERHEAD*, THOUGH HE DID STILL HAVE THE *CAGNEY* THING GOING BACK THEN.)

ANYWAY, HAMMERHEAD WAS TAKING HEAVY FIRE WHEN ANOTHER OF THE OWL'S GOONS GOT SILVERMANE ON ONE OF THOSE BIG MAGNET THINGS--

THEN DUMPED HIM IN A *GARBAGE COMPACTOR* AND PRESSED THE *BIG RED BUTTON.*

A BAD END FOR A GOOD DON.

BUT SOME SAY IT WASN'T THE END AT ALL...

NOW, NOBODY MAKES UP BEDTIME STORIES LIKE CRIMINALS. BUT STILL, THIS ONE SPREAD WITH A CERTAIN FERVOR.

SEE, SOME SAY BEFORE THE TRASH COMPACTOR WALLS CLOSED IN, OLD SILVIO HAD MANAGED TO PUSH HIS WAY BACK UP TO THE TOP, CLAWING AND FIGHTING THROUGH THE SCRAP LIKE A LION.

SO WHEN THEY SLAMMED SHUT, THE HEAD--*HIS* HEAD--POPPED RIGHT OFF AND WENT FLYING ACROSS THE YARD, COMPLETELY MISSED BY ALL THE GANGSTERS FIRING SHOTS ON THE OTHER SIDE.

AND WITH THE BATTERY AND LIFE SUPPORT SYSTEMS OF THE CYBORG BODY CONTAINED IN THE SKULL, THIS MEANT HE WAS STILL *ALIVE*, STILL *BREATHING*--AND COULD BE FOR YEARS TO COME.

NOW THIS IS NO SMALL POINT--A LIVING SILVERMANE MEANS MAGGIA BLOOD *STILL RUNS*, AND THAT MEANS THE HEAD--*HIS* HEAD--WOULD STILL HOLD CONTROL OVER THE FAMILY. PRETTY DAMN *VALUABLE*.

SO WHO ENDED UP WITH THE HEAD, RIGHT? THAT'S THE *MILLION-DOLLAR QUESTION*, AND I'VE HEARD A LOTTA THEORIES, BUT ONE THAT STICKS MORE THAN THE REST--

THAT ONE SAYS OLD SILVIO WAS FOUND BY THE SON OF THE WOMAN WHO OWNED THE SCRAP YARD.

THE SWEET KID CAME UPON HIM ONE DAY WHILE HE WAS OUT PLAYING, LOOKING FOR SPARE PARTS TO--GET THIS--"*BUILD A ROBOT.*"

HE TOOK THE DON HOME WITH HIM, HIDING THE HEAD FROM HIS MOM.

AT FIRST, SILVERMANE, HARDENED CRIMINAL THAT HE WAS, PLOTTED HIS *ESCAPE*, TRYING TO REACH HIS OLD CRONIES AND A RETURN TO THE GOOD LIFE.

HE EVEN TRIED TO BLOT OUT THE KID A FEW TIMES, THE OLD RASCAL. BUT THEN...

THEN SOMETHING *CHANGED*. A *BOND* FORMED BETWEEN THE KID AND THE CYBORG HEAD OF THE LEGENDARY CRIME LORD

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, THEY BECAME *FRIENDS*.

The Donfather

SILVERMANE SHOWED THE KID AND HIS MOM HOW TO DEAL WITH THE LOCAL TOUGHS WHO KEPT SHOWING UP AT THE YARD DEMANDING A TAKE.

AND IN RETURN, THE KID - WHO ACTUALLY WAS PRETTY GOOD AT ROBOTICS - BUILT THE DON A NEW BODY. *KINDA*.

POINT IS, IN THE END, THE OLD DON *LEARNED* SOMETHING ABOUT HOW TO LIVE A DIFFERENT KIND OF LIFE. ONE WHERE HE WASN'T FEARED, HE WAS *LOVED*.

ONE WHERE HE WAS PART OF A *REAL* FAMILY

AND HOPEFULLY *YOU* LEARNED SOMETHING ABOUT HOW *STUPID* THE KIND OF PEOPLE I WORK WITH ARE

HERE'S THE PART THAT'S *TRUE*.

SILVERMANE'S HEAD *DID* POP LIKE A BAD ZIT WHEN THE DOORS SHUT, YEAH.

IT WAS THE OWL AND HIS GOONS AFTER THE PARTY WHO FOUND HIM.

AND THERE WEREN'T ANY MERRY ADVENTURES. THE OWL HAD *OTHER* PLANS

HE KEEPS THE HEAD AT A *SECRET LOCATION*, IN A LOCKED BACK ROOM-- TORTURING IT, TAUNTING IT. *PUNISHING* IT.

A SECRET LOCATION ONLY HIS *MOST TRUSTED LIEUTENANTS* EVER KNEW ABOUT.

AND NO, I DO NOT GET HOW A GUY AS UNTRUSTWORTHY AS *ME* KEEPS GETTING HIRED AS A TRUSTED LIEUTENANT. I ASSUME IT'S BECAUSE NO ONE CHECKS REFERENCES ANYMORE

BUT WHY, YOU'RE ASKING, WOULD THE OWL *HIDE* THE HEAD WHEN HE COULD'VE USED IT TO TAKE CONTROL OF NEW YORK'S BIGGEST FAMILY?

HERE'S WHY--SOME GUYS--GUYS LIKE THE OWL, IN FACT--AREN'T REALLY IN THIS FOR THE *POWER*, OR THE *THRONE*.

THEY'RE IN IT BECAUSE THEY LIKE THE *SMELL OF BLOOD*, AND THE SOUND OF THEIR OWN SICK LAUGH

AND THESE ARE THE GUYS YOU REALLY GOTTA WATCH OUT FOR.

OH, AND ONE MORE THING-- SILVIO SILVERMANE WASN'T SOME GREAT, MAGNANIMOUS DON THAT COMMANDED RESPECT.

HE WAS A MEAN, DEMENTED OLD *GERIATRIC* WHO'D PUT A HIT OUT ON THE *WRONG GUY* BECAUSE HE COULDN'T KEEP NAMES STRAIGHT ANYMORE. ALSO, WEIRDLY RACIST.

EVERYONE HATED THAT GUY TIL THE SECOND HE WAS DEAD. HOW IT ALWAYS IS RIGHT? NOW, MOVING ON, SERIOUSLY--

THIS GUY RIGHT?! MACH VII-

SKKKKKK

SKKKKKKK

SKKKKKKK

SKKKKKKK!

SEE, THE THING IS--I WANT US TO BE FRIENDS, FRED.

FRIENDS?

LIKE WE *USED* TO BE.

YOU THOUGHT WE WERE *FRIENDS*, *ABNER?*

AW, COME ON--WE HAD SOME GOOD TIMES. BACK IN THE SYNDICATE DAYS.

THERE WAS THAT TIME YOU GOT ME STUCK IN PRISON. WAS *THAT* A GOOD TIME?

YOU CAN'T STILL BE MAD ABOUT THAT. THAT WAS *YEARS* AGO! 'SIDES--

NOT LIKE YOU NEED MY HELP TO GET STUCK IN PRISON, RIGHT?

STATE OF NEW YORK BETTER BE PAYING FOR THESE PANCAKES.

LOOK, I GET WHY YOU'RE MAD AT ME--I GET THE GRUDGE. BUT--BELIEVE IT OR NOT, FRED--I'M TRYING TO *HELP* YOU HERE...

I HAD CEREAL AT HOME, YOU DIDN'T NEED TO WORRY.

WHEN THEY CAME TO ME ABOUT THIS PROGRAM, I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS FOR ME.

I DIDN'T WANT TO BE THE HARD-ASS, MAKING GUYS CALL AND CHECK IN WITH ME, VERIFYING EMPLOYMENT--

DO YOU GOTTA DO THE *URINE TESTS*, TOO? CAUSE IF SO, GO AHEAD AND OPEN--

BUT THEN THEY TOLD ME YOU WERE THE FIRST DEFENDANT THEY WERE TRYING THIS OUT ON.

AND I THOUGHT--I CAN DO SOME GOOD HERE. ME AND FRED--

--WE *KNOW* EACH OTHER.

OH YEAH. WE KNOW EACH OTHER.

ABNER HERE WAS THE *BEETLE*--THE *ORIGINAL* BEETLE. YOU PROBABLY DON'T NOTICE MUCH RESEMBLANCE.

AND YES, A WHILE BACK WE WERE IN THE *SAME CREW*--CALLED OURSELVES THE *SINISTER SYNDICATE*

I LIKE TO THINK I'VE GROWN PAST IT.

THING IS, ABNER WAS A PIECE OF [redacted] EVEN THEN. DOUBLE-CROSSED ME MORE THAN TWICE.

LOL

BUT HEY, AT LEAST I COULD *RESPECT* THAT. A *CROOK* IS A *CROOK*.

THEN ONE DAY, HE GETS HIMSELF HOOKED INTO *ANOTHER* GANG. THE *THUNDERBOLTS*--A BUNCH OF COSTUMED BADDIES PRETENDING TO BE *GOOD GUYS*.

IT WAS A BRILLIANT, BEAUTIFUL LONG CON. LEAST IT *WAS* BEFORE ABNER SCREWED THE WHOLE THING UP!

BY ACTUALLY BECOMING A *GOOD GUY*.

NOBODY TOLD HIM TO GO METHOD

ABNER

NOW, IN MY WORLD, EVERYBODY GETS THAT THIS IS A DANGEROUS GIG, SO IF YOU WANNA GO STRAIGHT, FIND JESUS, WHATEVER, NOBODY'S GONNA HOLD THAT AGAINST YOU.

MORE LOOT FOR THE *REST OF US* ANYHOW.

AND IF YOU GET PINCHED AND DECIDE TO TURN STATE'S GO RAT, WELL-- IF YOU *DO* THAT, WE'LL PROBABLY *KILL YOU*, SURE.

BUT WE MIGHT FEEL *BAD* ABOUT IT, A TWINGE OF SYMPATHY, MAYBE MAKE IT QUICK.

YOU DECIDE TO TAKE YOUR *JETPACK* OR *PET DRAGON* OR WHATEVER, THOUGH, AND USE IT AGAINST YOUR OWN--

YOU DECIDE TO BECOME ONE OF THE GUYS WE SPEND OUR WHOLE LIVES GETTING CHASED DOWN BY, KNOCKED AROUND BY--

FOR THAT, THERE IS NO *GET-OUT-OF-JAIL-FREE* CARD.

I MEAN, SURE, YOU GOT OUT OF JAIL, I GUESS, BUT NOW WE'RE GONNA FIND YOU AND PUT YOU IN *CRIMINAL JAIL*, WHICH IS DIFFERENT FROM THE--

MY POINT IS, ABNER JENKINS IS A *TRAITOROUS BACK-STABBING TURNCOAT* [redacted], ALL RIGHT?

ALSO, THAT NEW COSTUME MAKES HIM LOOK LIKE SOMETHING YOUR WIFE SAYS SHE DOESN'T OWN.

BOXCAT

SO WHAT ABOUT *JIMMY?*

DOING TEN-TO-FIFTEEN ON ARMED ROBBERY.

OUCH. WHAT ABOUT--THE *SKINNY* ONE, WITH THE ANTENNAE...

SIX FEET UNDER.

YEESH, I'M-- I'M SORRY, MAN.

YOU *SHOULD* BE. YOU AND YOUR KIND HELPED *PUT* HIM THERE.

ACTUALLY I HELPED PUT HIM THERE, BUT-- HE SHOULD *FEEL* THE GUILT DAMMIT

NOT A LOT OF THE OLD GANG TO CHECK UP ON THESE DAYS, I GUESS--

GUESS *NOT.*

BUT MAYBE YOU CAN SEE THE *PATTERN* HERE, FRED. NOT MUCH OF A *RETIREMENT PLAN* IN YOUR LINE OF WORK. WHAT'S THAT TELL YOU?

LISTEN, THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET...

RETIREMENT IS FOR *LOSERS?*

IS IT THE *AVENGERS?*

NO...

OH, RIGHT. YOU DIDN'T MAKE THE CUT FOR THE AVENGERS.

SIGH--IT'S JUST A LITTLE, INFORMAL GET-TOGETHER WITH SOME PEOPLE WHO MIGHT UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU'RE GOING THROUGH.

DO I NEED TO BRING A DISH, OR *PENICILLIN?*

JUST *YOU.* I THINK IT MIGHT HELP...HERE-- HERE'S MY *NUMBER.* YOU CAN CALL IT ANYTIME YOU NEED TO...

AND I HAVE TO CALL IT EVERY FORTY-EIGHT HOURS, YEAH?

I *TOLD* YOU--WE'RE NOT GONNA *DO* IT THAT WAY HERE. I'M NOT SAYING THIS WILL BE *EASY,* BUT--I'M *SERIOUS.* I WANT TO *HELP* YOU.

YOU CAN PUT UP THE BIG FRONT, BUT I KNOW YOU CAN BE A HERO--

I'VE SEEN IT.

OKAY. LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH.

YES. I WAS IN THE THUNDERBOLTS TOO.

WELL, NOT EXACTLY THE *SAME* THUNDERBOLTS AND THAT MATTERS. MY THUNDERBOLTS WERE THIS *GOVERNMENT PROGRAM* TO USE SUPER VILLAINS AS SUPER HEROES. THERE'S A *DIFFERENCE*.

SEE, I WAS LOOKING AT TWENTY YEARS ON THE *RAFT*, AND THEY OFFERED TO COMMUTE MY SENTENCE IF I SIGNED UP. AND YOU KNOW I DON'T LIKE JAIL.

SO, I MEAN, IT'S NOT LIKE I *ENJOYED* IT OR ANYTHING.

IT'S NOT LIKE I'D HAD SOME BIG CHANGE OF HEART AND WANTED TO DO RIGHT SUDDENLY.

I WAS JUST LOOKING TO *SAVE MY OWN ASS!*

THAT MAKES IT TOTALLY OKAY. ANYBODY WOULD GET THAT, RIGHT?

WELL, THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO WOULD!

PEOPLE WHO *UNDERSTAND* ME. PEOPLE WHO HAVE BEEN THROUGH WHAT I BEEN THROUGH.

PEOPLE WHO'LL STICK BY ME.

YOU'RE *OUT*, FRED.

WHAT?!

SORRY, NO-LONGER-BOSS.

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? THIS IS MY *JOB*! MY *CREW!*

YOU DON'T *OWN* US, FRED. WE'RE *PEOPLE*.

YOU'RE REALLY NOT.

C'MON, MAN-- YOU'RE BEING GHOSTED BY AN *AVENGER*.

Google Maps

OKAY, HE IS *NOT* AN AVENGER--

NOT ANYMORE.

THUNDERBOLT.

DEFENDER?

THEY'RE ALL *CHICKS* NOW.

SERIOUSLY?

S'HOT.

WHAT *IS* HE, THEN?

HE'S *NO ONE!* THAT'S WHAT I'M SAYING--YOU THINK I CAN'T SHAKE A TAIL FROM FREAKIN' *MACH VII?!*

SEVEN, NOW? DID HE JUST SKIP SIX?

IT DOESN'T MATTER. IT'S TOO RISKY.

GUYS, COME ON-- WE CAN WORK THIS OUT.

WE TOOK A VOTE BEFORE YOU GOT HERE. IT WAS *UNANIMOUS*.

THEY DID THIS TO DON DRAPER, *TOO*, YOU KNOW.

YO! SPOILERS!

CKK

WHAT?

NO, IT'S JUST, YOU AND--IT'S FINE. GO ON.

WAIT, HOLD ON--

YOU CAN'T BE THE SINISTER SIX IF THERE'S ONLY *FOUR* OF YOU!

DUDE, I KNOW YOU'RE UPSET, BUT LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE--YOU COULD GO BE A HENCHMAN AGAIN! YOU *LIKED* THAT, RIGHT?

BEIN' A *HENCHMAN?*

YOU ALL THINK YOU'RE SO SMART... ESPECIALLY *YOU!*

I FIND IT INTERESTING IT'S *ME* YOU CHOOSE TO HAVE A PROBLEM WITH.

YOU AND OVERDRIVE, YEAH--WHO THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, ANYWAY? I BEEN PULLING OFF HEISTS LONGER THAN YOU--

SORRY, EXCUSE ME--WHICH ONES DID YOU *ACTUALLY* PULL OFF?

OH, SEE, THERE YOU GO--YOU THINK IT'S SO *EASY*, YEAH? WAIT 'TIL THE FIRST TIME YOU'RE OUT IN THE FIELD AND *THE PUNISHER* WALKS IN ON YOU--

DIDN'T THAT HAPPEN *LAST WEEK?*

UH... RIGHT. YEAH.

AND WHAT HAPPENED THERE? HUH? WHO STEPPED UP? *ME*, THAT'S WHO. WHILE YOU ALL WERE LOOKING FOR THE *EXITS.*

HRM...

YOU GOT SOMETHING TO SAY, *SHOCKER?*

...FORGET IT.

LOOK, EVERYONE HERE *RESPECTS* YOU AND WHAT YOU'VE DONE. BUT THIS JOB--GETTING THE HEAD OF SILVIO SILVERMANE OFF THE OWL--I MEAN, IT'S HARD ENOUGH WITHOUT *DISTRACTIONS*.

DISTRACTIONS?! THIS IS MY *JOB!* I'M THE ONE THAT SAW IT, I'M THE ONE WHO HAD THE IDEA, I'M THE ONE WHO PLANNED IT, AND-- HEY WAITASECOND...

YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE THE HEAD IS!

squeeze

YOU TOLD US WHERE HIS HIDEOUT IS ALREADY.

YEAH, BUT THAT PLACE IS *HUGE*, IT'S LIKE A MAZE.

YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE HE *KEEPS* IT!

IS IT WHERE YOU MARKED THIS *BIG RED X* ON THE FLOOR PLAN?

...

NO?

THOSE GUYS DIDN'T STICK BY ME AT ALL!

UNBELIEVABLE-- WHAT HAPPENED TO *LOYALTY*, RIGHT? JUST A LITTLE HEAT, AND WHAT DO THEY DO?

WELL, THAT'S FINE. NOT LIKE I DON'T HAVE FRIENDS OF MY OWN--

I'M GLAD YOU CALLED, FRED.

WHAT? YOU DIDN'T THINK I WOULD?

WELL, I KNOW THERE'S A LOT OF BAD BLOOD...

HEY, COME ON, AB--YOU BOUGHT ME *PANCAKES*. THAT TOTALLY MAKES UP FOR ALL THOSE TIMES YOU TRIED TO HAVE ME KILLED.

I THINK IT WAS YOU WHO TRIED TO HAVE *ME* KILLED.

THEN WE'RE *EVEN!* SO WHERE ARE WE HEADED ANYWAY?

I TOLD YOU--

I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET A FEW FRIENDS OF MINE.

OH, HELL--A CHURCH? DOES HE MEAN *JESUS?* IS THERE *MORE* THAN ONE OF THEM?

NEW SONG MEMORIAL CHURCH OF GOD

LIKE I WAS SAYING EARLIER, MAN, I KNOW HOW HARD IT CAN BE. GOING LEGIT--NOBODY SHOULD HAVE TO DO IT ALONE.

NO, TURNS OUT ABNER HERE'S GOT NO INTEREST IN GETTING ME TO HEAVEN--

SO WELCOME TO *SUPER VILLAINS ANONYMOUS.*

HE'S JUST WALKED ME STRAIGHT INTO HELL.

ONLY *ONE* WAY I'M GETTING THROUGH THIS

YOU WANT SOME *COFFEE?*

GIMME THAT--

MSH

OH

WHAT? OH, RIGHT. *YOU* WOULDN'T

H-HI, MY NAME IS *MIRAGE*-- I MEAN, UH, *DESMOND*. AND I'M A SUPER VILLAIN.

HI, DESMOND.

HI JERKWAD

HIGHER POWER

WELL, UM, YOU GUYS SAY THE ONLY WAY TO GET OUT OF TROUBLE IS TO REALIZE HOW YOU GOT IN IT IN THE FIRST PLACE, RIGHT? SO I BEEN THINKING ABOUT *DEANNA DELANEY*.

"AMY AND I WERE IN LOVE, SEE. WE HAD A REAL GOOD THING GOING. OR AT LEAST, WE *DID*--

"'TIL *HE* SHOWED UP.

"NO, NOT HIM.

"BIG-ASS MONSTER INVADES NEW YORK, FINE. THAT'S WHAT WE GET FOR BEING IN MIDTOWN ON SAINT PATRICK'S DAY, RIGHT? BUT THEN *IRON MAN* SWOOPS IN AND--AND--"

IT'S OKAY--I'VE GOT YOU, MISS.

KEEP AN EYE ON HER FOR ME NEXT TIME, YEAH, PAL?

"AS FAR AS AMY WAS CONCERNED, THAT WAS IT FOR ME. MIGHT AS WELL HAVE BEEN GIANT DRAGON DUDE HIMSELF.

"I KNEW IT WAS OVER THE NIGHT SHE ASKED ME TO WEAR A HELMET IN BED.

"'KEEP AN EYE ON HER FOR ME NEXT TIME.' WHAT A DINGUS.

"BUT IT DID GIVE ME AN *IDEA*--

"I MEAN, CHICKS DIG BAD BOYS, RIGHT?

"I FIGURED I'D BE PRACTICAL. START *SMALL*. WEDDINGS, MOSTLY. AND IT WAS WORKING OUT OKAY, 'TIL SPIDER-MAN-- WELL, I DUNNO WHAT HE WAS *DOING* THERE, BUT IT DIDN'T WORK OUT SO GREAT.

"I TRIED TO SET UP SOME KINDA ARCH-VILLAIN THING THERE. DIDN'T STICK. COME TO THINK OF IT, *NOTHING* DID. WELL, EXCEPT THE *ONE* THING--

ANDRU

"GETTING KILLED.

"THAT'S WHAT EVERYONE *REMEMBERS* ME FOR, RIGHT? THE SCOURGE OF THE UNDERWORLD SHOWS UP AT A BAR WITH NO NAME, WIPES ME AND A BUNCH OF MY BUDDIES OUT. THEN, CAPTAIN AMERICA PUTS ON MY COSTUME AFTERWARDS TO TRAP THE SCOURGE."

NEARY

THAT'S MY BIG FIFTEEN MINUTES OF FAME... SOMEBODY ELSE WEARING MY SUIT. PATHETIC.

"SO THEN I TRIED BEING DEAD FOR A WHILE, BUT I COULDN'T EVEN DO *THAT* RIGHT. THE HOOD BROUGHT ME AND THE OTHER GUYS THAT DIED THAT NIGHT BACK TO TAKE OUT THE PUNISHER FOR HIM.

HUAT

"I FELT *INDESTRUCTIBLE*, RIGHT? *IMMORTAL*. I'D BEATEN DEATH. WELL, THE *HOOD* DID, TECHNICALLY, BUT HEY--I WAS *ALIVE!* I WAS DETERMINED NOT TO WASTE IT.

"'TIL I GOT SHOT IN THE HEAD LIKE THREE HOURS LATER AND DIED *AGAIN*.

"NOW THAT WAS *EMBARRASSING*. BUT I WOKE UP IN A HOSPITAL BUILDING THREE MONTHS LATER, FRESH OUT OF A COMA. DOCTOR SAID IT WAS MY BIG SECOND CHANCE. GUESS HE DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS MY *THIRD*..."

BUT HERE'S THE THING...I REALIZED--SECOND CHANCE, THIRD CHANCE, IT DOESN'T EVEN MATTER. I MEAN, COME ON--NOBODY EVEN KNOWS I'M *STILL ALIVE!*

IT'S LIKE NOBODY EVEN *CARES*...

AW, COME ON, MAN...

EVERYBODY IN...

HIGHER POWER

THIS GOES ON FOR HOURS, OR AN HOUR THAT *FEELS* LIKE HOURS, WHICH IS *WORSE*

C'MERE, FRED--

GET IN ON THIS...

HIG

THIS IS LIKE THAT SCENE IN FIGHT CLUB WHERE THE MAIN GUY GOES TO A MEETING AND ENDS UP GETTING SMOTHERED BY A HUGGY DUDE WITH BIG, SWEATY MANBOOBS. EXCEPT MINE'S A *HIPPO*.

BIG, SWEATY HIPPO MANBOOBS.

BEFORE YOU ASK, YES, HE *DID* CARRY ME UP HERE. IT WAS HUMILIATING.

DON'T FEEL BAD ABOUT NOT SPEAKING TONIGHT, FRED.

OH BELIEVE ME, I *DON'T.*

I MEAN...*YEAH.* SORRY. I'M SHY?

I'M JUST SAYING, I KNOW IT TAKES TIME. BUT I FEEL LIKE WE MADE REAL *PROGRESS* TODAY, RIGHT?

OH YEAH. *LOTS* OF PROGRESS. I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE I *AM* ANYMORE.

STICK WITH IT.

SURE. I DO GOTTA SAY THOUGH...SOME OF THAT STUFF IN THERE, IT DID HIT HOME--

YEAH?

YEAH. THAT STUFF ABOUT MAKING A *CLEAN BREAK*, CUTTING OFF BAD INFLUENCES--

THAT STUFF'S IMPORTANT.

I BET. AND IT GOT ME THINKING. I HAVEN'T-- WELL, HELL, MAN...I HAVEN'T BEEN TOTALLY HONEST WITH YOU.

WHAT DO YOU *MEAN?*

WELL, SEE, THERE'S THIS *JOB*...

JOB?

YEAH. AND WHEN THEY CAME TO ME WITH IT, I WAS LIKE "NO WAY" RIGHT? I'M TRYING TO STAY *CLEAN* HERE. BUT THEY JUST KEPT PRESSING ME, IT WAS AWFUL.

AND NOW I'M THINKING, SHOULD I KEEP *QUIET* ABOUT THIS? I MEAN, THIS IS ILLEGAL!

WELL, WHERE *ARE* THEY? I COULD FLY OVER AND--

NO, NO, HEY...SORRY, IT'S JUST...WORD TRAVELS FAST. PEOPLE KNOW YOU'RE MY PAROLE OFFICER. THEY'LL THINK I SNITCHED AND THAT'LL BE...

OF COURSE. I UNDERSTAND.

BUT THEN I WAS THINKING-- MAYBE YOU KNEW OF SOME-ONE YOU COULD CALL--YOU KNOW, LIKE *REAL* AVENGERS. AND THEY COULD TAKE CARE OF IT.

WELL...

I MEAN, *SOMEONE* NEEDS TO--PEOPLE COULD GET *HURT* HERE!

HMM-- IF THAT'S REALLY THE CASE...

"I MIGHT KNOW SOME GUYS."

YEAH YOU DO

FOE-NING IT IN...

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Tom Brennan here. Lots going on in the mighty Marvel offices this week, so I'm going to get to your letters sooner rather than later, but we want to say a special thanks to Steve Lieber, Rachelle Rosenberg and Joltin' Joe Caramagna for making a few last-second catches on this very issue of Foes before it went to print.

Now, your letters!

Foe-ning It In,

Kudos on your new series Superior Foes of Spider-Man! There was quite a buzz among my friends for this book, but I must confess to taking my time getting around to reading it. You guys publish too darn many books for me to keep up with, and I wasn't sure that I cared enough about Boomerang and the rest to pick up this book.

I was so wrong. The buzz on the book was so right. This book has its own distinctive voice and I can't wait to read as much of it as I can get my hands on.

Keep up the Superior work.

Ross Griswold
Des Moines, Iowa

This series...
In one word...
Superior.

I applaud Marvel's brave and savage move. Not just in releasing this offbeat title but placing heavy talent in the form of Spencer, Lieber, and Rosenberg as creative team. Bravo. You're giving us niche readers exactly what we crave: a fix of villainy that has sadly been missing since Parker's enjoyable Dark Avengers run ended.

The Superior Foes of Spider-Man is an altogether different hive of scum and villainy. Your book is an engrossing tale of street level crime; a frank glimpse into the lives of down and out B-list super villains, bored petty crooks, and inept buffoons. It's perfect. Why? The payoff: Engaging banter. Clever witticisms. And most recently - the palpable mix of tension and humour that leapt off the page as Punisher/Chameleon made his move.

The last two issues have been great. You've managed to swiftly position a villainous legacy of Spider-Man into a brave new world of narrative craziness. Off to a brilliant start. Huzzah!

Craig Franklin

P.S Rachelle Rosenberg's colour art is simply fantastic.

They're Spider-Man's superior foes,
Taking names, spreading woes.
So awesome they're Six when there's really just five.
They're hard to miss in their flashy comic book jive.
Boomerang's lead. Overdrive's got leather.
Beetle can fly, light as a feather.
Shocker's quilt suit don't take from his stings.
Chameleon's somewhere pulling the strings.
Speed Demon took the puppy but left the cat.
Someone's left saying, "What's up with that?"
Spencer's star writer; he's the boss.
Lieber's art is pure awesome sauce.
Rosenberg, Caramagna, Brennan and Wacker Everything's tops, there ain't no slacker.
Pew! Skreet! Boom! Kapow!
Make mine, Marvel Now.

Okay to print? Most certainly.
Flip to the back, this is what I want to see.

Rachel Yu

Loved having a poem to go out on, Rachel!
We'll be back in 30 days for more villainous ventures!

Temerarious Tom
8/9/2013

NEXT:

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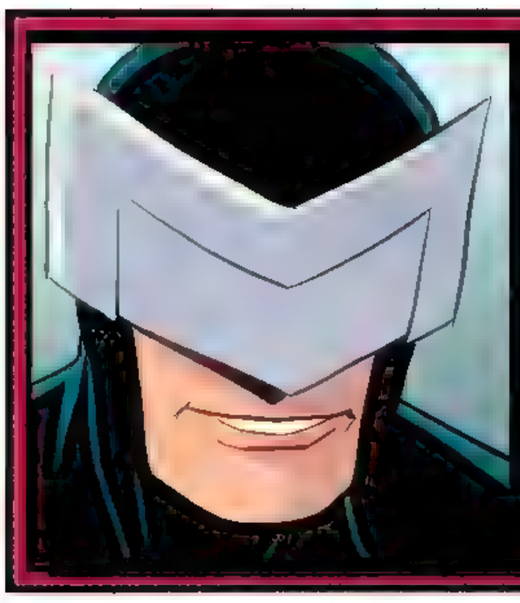
INSIDE: THERE'S A TEEN VENOM IN PHILADELPHIA – AND *SHE'S* KICKING BUTT! HOUSTON ZOO HOSTAGE SITUATION AS THE SCARLET SPIDER FIGHTS KRAVEN! ALSO, HAS THANOS' INVASION AFFECTED YOUR DIET?

HEROES FIGHT LIARS!

Rumor has it the new four-person Sinister Six – Beetle, Speed Demon, Shocker and Overdrive – have been busted by super heroes Luke Cage and Iron Fist for their plan to steal the head of deceased crimelord Silvio Silvermane. But how exactly did the heroes get the drop on these fearsome foes? And who sold the foes out? Could it be a former teammate? That story inside!



BOOMER-OUT?

Underworld sources say the new Sinister Six have kicked their boss, Boomerang, to the curb. Boomerang, a.k.a. Fred Myers, was last seen talking about his situation with parole officer MACH-V, a.k.a. Abner Jenkins, and attending super villain rehab...

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New York City.
SOMEPLACE_AWFUL.

NOW THAT BOOMERANG'S OUT, WHEN WE GET TO THE OWL'S PLACE, I DON'T WANT ANY *JERKING AROUND* FROM YOU MORONS, *GOT IT?*

JERKING AROUND?

WE'RE *PROFESSIONAL CRIMINALS!* WE HAVE *REPUTATIONS* AND COMPELLING *BACKSTORIES!*

YOU GOT IT, BOSS.

I'M *SERIOUS* HERE-- EVERYONE'S GOT A JOB, EVERYONE KNOWS THEIR ASSIGNMENT. IN AND OUT. NO MORE *AMATEUR HOUR*-- ANY OF YOU THINK YOU CAN'T HACK IT, *NOW'S* THE TIME TO SPEAK UP. OTHERWISE--

DON'T EXPECT ME TO BAIL YOU OUT WHEN IT HITS.

SHE GOT A LOT MEANER...

I TOLD YOU, SHOCKER, THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU COMMIT. IT'S LIKE A *SWITCH* FLIPS.

GUYS, COME ON, SHE'S UNDER A LOT OF *PRESSURE.*

PRESSURE? WHAT ARE YOU *TALKING* ABOUT? WHO PUT *HER* IN CHARGE ANYWAY?

UH, *WE* DID. THERE WAS A VOTE LIKE FIVE MINUTES AGO, SPEED DEMON--IT WAS *UNANIMOUS.*

Five Minutes Ago.

SO ALL IN FAVOR OF PUTTING *BEETLE* IN CHARGE?

YEAH, DEFINITELY.

SO HOT.

Now.

I DON'T REMEMBER THAT.

BUT WHAT I'M *REALLY* SAYING, GUYS--IS WHAT'S BETTER THAN BEING THE SINISTER *SIX* BUT ONLY SPLITTING THE MONEY *THREE* WAYS?

I DUNNO...

YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS.

WE SHOULD AT LEAST TAKE A VOTE, OVERDRIVE.

HEY!

YOU GIRLS GONNA KEEP *JABBING*, OR ARE WE READY TO MOVE OUT?

I MISS FRED.

UM, ABOUT THAT... BEFORE WE GO, I THINK I SHOULD *TELL* YOU GUYS SOMETHING. ABOUT THE *JOB*.

NO, NOT *THAT*. IT'S JUST-- BACK WHEN WE WERE AT THE RESTAURANT THE OTHER DAY, WHEN THE *PUNISHER* SHOWED UP--

AW HELL, DOES THE *PUNISHER* KNOW ABOUT THIS? I'M *OUT*. I... UH...GOT *STREP*.

NO, NO, IT'S NOT THE PUNISHER, IT'S--

UGH, HERMAN, WE ALREADY WENT OVER THIS--WE ALL KNOW ABOUT THE "*BLADDER SPASMS*," WE ALREADY PROMISED NOT TO LAUGH--

THESE GUYS RIGHT?

LUKE CAGE AND IRON FIST.

HEROES FOR HIRE.

BUT I GOT 'EM FOR FREE.

SEE THE MIND OF A SUPER HERO IS A PRETTY EASY THING TO NAVIGATE.

"THIS GUY IS BAD! GO PUNCH HIM."

AND THEY'RE ON THAT LIKE SOMETHING FUNNY ON SOMETHING ELSE FUNNY.

PRETTY CONVENIENT WHEN YOU NEED TO TEACH THE CREW THAT DUMPED YOU A LESSON IN KARMA.

WHO ARE THESE GUYS SUPPOSED TO BE AGAIN?

THE SINISTER SIX.

OW...

ONE...TWO... I'M NOT SEEING SIX.

WELL, KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN, THERE MIGHT BE A *COUPLE MORE* HIDING OUT. COULD BE *ANYBODY.*

SEE? THANK YOU.

LUKE CAGE--WOW, THIS IS--THIS IS *BIG*. MISTER CAGE, I JUST WANTED YOU TO KNOW, I'M A *BIG FAN* OF YOUR WORK. *ALL* OF IT, REALLY-- THE TIARA PHASE, THE AVENGERS STUFF, EVEN THE *FANTASTIC FOUR* BIT-- MOST GUYS DON'T EVEN *KNOW* ABOUT THAT.

POINT IS, I'M--WE'RE *ALL*, I BET--REALLY *FLATTERED* YOU'D TAKE THE TIME TO--

REALLY?

CREEPIN' ME OUT.

GUY JUST WANTED SOME ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

GOT A CALL, SAID YOU ALL WERE DOWN HERE PLANNING SOMETHING BIG. FIGURED WE SHOULD KNOW ABOUT IT.

SO WHO'S IN CHARGE HERE?

YARK YARK

SHE IS.

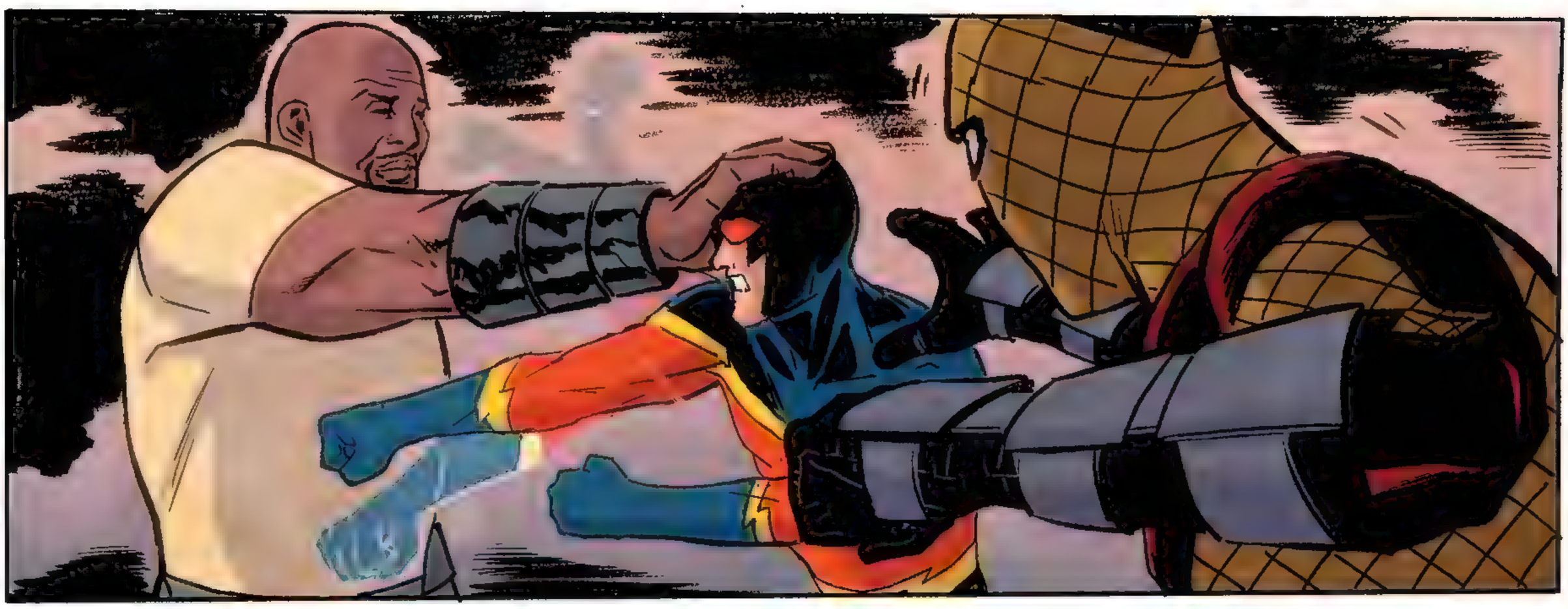
AW CRAP.

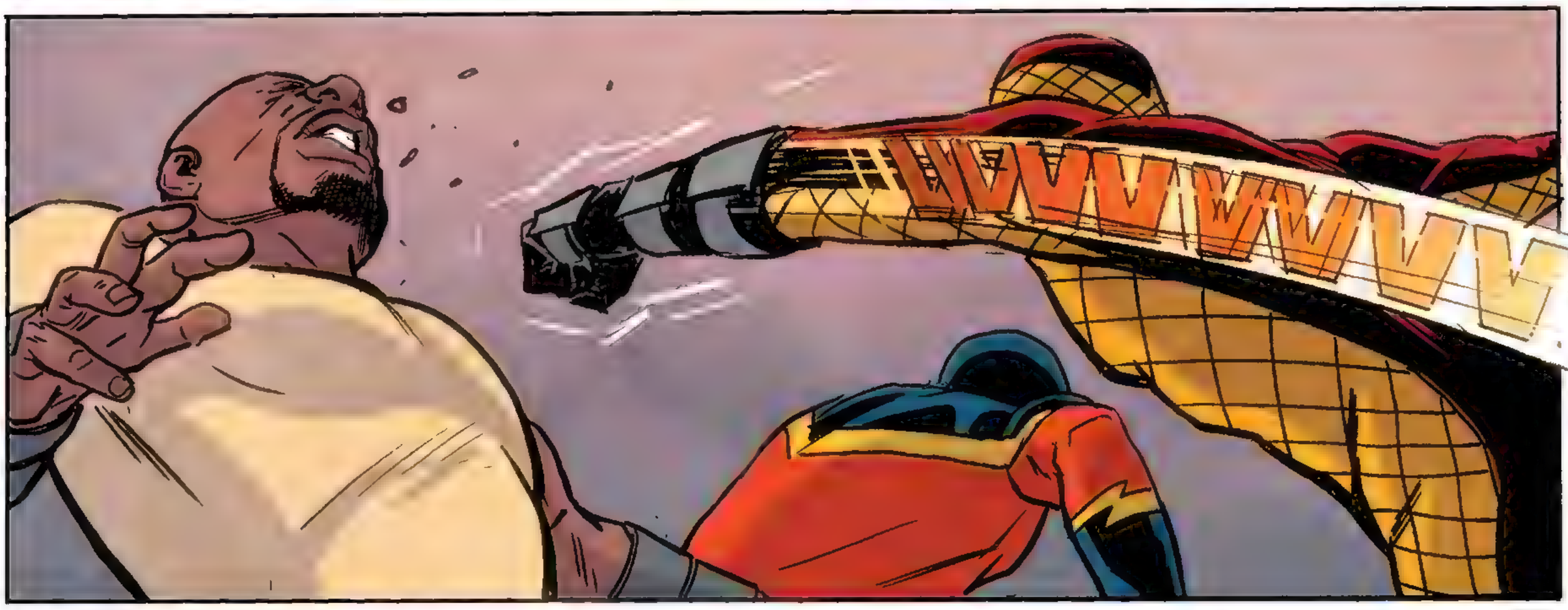
PSST--MISS--THIS IS THE PART WHERE YOU TELL YOUR GUYS TO "*GET US!*" OR SOMETHING.

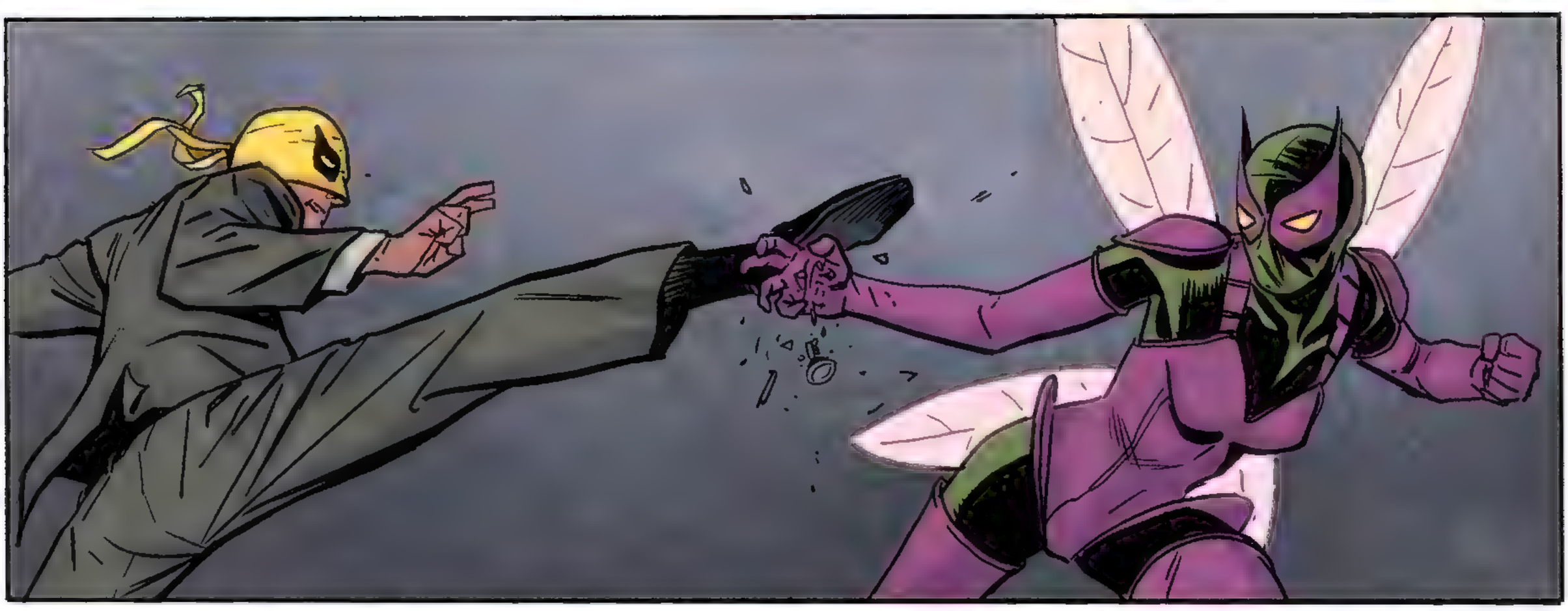
AH, RIGHT--RIGHT-- OKAY--

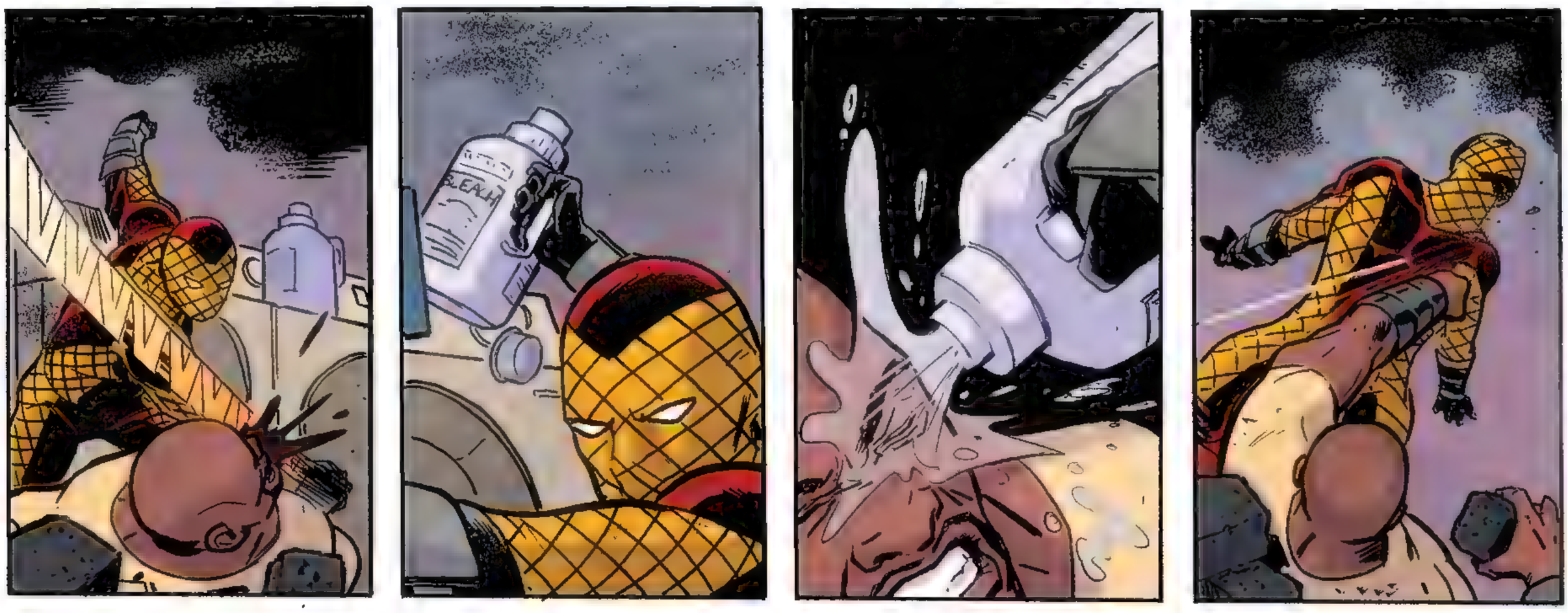
GET 'EM!

YARK YARK YARK YARK YARK YAR









KLOK!

YO, NYPD, GET ME ALICE IN PETTY LARCENY.

...HEY, ALICE, IT'S LUKE CAGE.

AGAIN.

...YUP, CLEANUP. I'LL TEXT THE ADDRESS.

RAFF ARF

YAFF RRR

KRAK KRAK

Rip

RAFBRAFT

THAT DON'T BELONG TO YOU ANYMORE.

CUTE DOG, THOUGH.

RRAF KRAF

"OKAY, CAN I JUST SAY--"

--HOW GOOD IT IS TO BE ON *THIS* SIDE OF THE GLASS FOR ONCE?

THEN PERHAPS I SHOULD *JOIN* YOU, MR. MYERS. IT SEEMS MY PRESENCE THERE MIGHT BE *MORE* NECESSARY.

WHAT, LEAVE *JAIL*? C'MON. YOU MEAN YOU'RE NOT HAVING ANY "ORANGE IS THE NEW BLACK" SPIRITUAL GROWTH MOMENTS IN THERE? THAT'S GOTTA BE FRUSTRATING.

MM. NO, NO, WHAT'S FRUSTRATING IS A VISIT FROM A SHORT-TERM ASSOCIATE, WHO INFORMS YOU FIRST THAT HE *STILL* HASN'T MET THE TERMS OF YOUR AGREEMENT WITH HIM--

AND THEN SOMEWHAT CONFOUNDINGLY CONFESSES THAT HE'S PUT A STOP TO HIS OWN HIRELINGS DOING THE WORK FOR HIM.

LOOK, I'LL GIVE YOU IT'S STARTING TO GET *CONVOLUTED*. BUT I AM A COMPLICATED MAN.

THEN PERHAPS WE CAN GO OVER IT *AGAIN*, FREDERICK. I WILL ADMIT MY ATTENTIONS WERE SOMEWHAT *DIMINISHED* ONCE YOU TOLD ME YOU SENT HEROES TO STOP YOUR LACKEYS FROM RETRIEVING THE HEAD OF SILVIO SILVERMANE--AS I'D REQUESTED.

QUIET RAGE DOES BLUR THE MIND, AFTER ALL.

PUT IT BACK IN YOUR PANTS, POWDER. I GOT THE SITUATION *ALL UNDER CONTROL.* SEE, THEY HUNG ME OUT TO DRY. *FIRED* ME! FROM MY *OWN GANG!*

I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY THIS IS MY CONCERN.

YOUR--*YOUR CONCERN?!* I'M YOUR *POINT GUY!* I'M THE GUY WHO TOLD YOU ABOUT THE HEAD IN THE *FIRST PLACE!*

I SWEAR, NONE OF YOU PEOPLE GET THIS IS A BUSINESS OF *RELATIONSHIPS.* ALSO ARSON, ROBBERY, AND MURDER...

BUT MOSTLY RELATIONSHIPS!

"YOU'RE NOT EVEN THINKING ABOUT WHAT WOULD HAPPEN WHEN THEY *GOT* THE HEAD. IT'S NOT LIKE THEY'D JUST *GIVE* IT TO YOU!"

"THEN I SUPPOSE I WOULD *KILL* THEM."

"WELL--YEAH, BUT--THEN I WOULD BE OUT A GANG."

"I THOUGHT THE GANG WAS NO LONGER YOURS."

DETAILS! LISTEN, I'M TELLING YOU--WE'RE ON THE VERGE OF A MAJOR *BREAKTHROUGH* HERE. THAT'S THE PROBLEM WITH YOU *RUSSIAN MOB* GUYS, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND THE *AMERICAN* CRIMINAL MIND. OUR FRONTIER *SPIRIT.*

ONCE THIS WHOLE THING GETS SORTED OUT, THEY'LL COME BACK *RUNNING.* WHEN THEY *DO,* WE GO HIT THE OWL'S PLACE AND YOU GET WHAT'S *YOURS.*

STARTING FROM *THIS* TIME *NEXT* WEEK.

MM. *TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.*

FREDERICK, DO NOT *TEST* ME--IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, I *WILL* HAVE A HEAD IN MY POSSESSION. IT WILL BE *SILVIO SILVERMANE'S--*

OR IT WILL BE *YOURS.*

100 105 101

DON'T WORRY--I'LL WAIT FOR YOU, HONEY PIE!

OKAY, YEAH--I'M PROBABLY GETTING A LITTLE CARRIED AWAY WITH MYSELF HERE. SURE. BUT REALLY--

—YOU GOTTA TAKE IT WHEN IT'S GIVEN TO YOU. YOU KNOW?

BARTENDER! POUR ME A TALL GLASS OF--

--RHYMES?

HEY.

UH, HEEEY.

HELP YOU?

SORRY, IT'S JUST, MY USUAL BARTENDER HERE, HE *HAD* ONE OF THEM-- YOU KNOW, ONE OF THEM *THINGS*.

UH-HUH.

NOT THE-- *THOSE*.

I ALSO POUR DRINKS.

WHICH JUST MAKES YOU *PERFECT*, DON'T IT?

PLEASE ORDER.

AH, RIGHT-- BOURBON, *NEAT*. LOOK, WE'RE GETTING OFF ON THE *WRONG FOOT* HERE, I THINK. I'M--

I KNOW WHO YOU ARE.

YOU *DO?*

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

CHECKING TO SEE IF I GOT A *BOOMERANG* ON MY FOREHEAD.

YOU'RE *FRED MYERS.*

EXIT

S'RIGHT--

YOU PITCHED FOR THE *METS*. TEN STARTS, 1.93 ERA, 219 STRIKEOUTS. YOU WERE *GOOD*.

OH, A *FAN!* HELL, I DIDN'T BRING A SHARPIE, SO I HOPE YOU DON'T EXPECT ME TO SIGN YOUR--

YOU ALSO HOLD THE RECORD FOR SHORTEST TIME PLAYED BEFORE RECEIVING A *LIFETIME BAN* FROM THE LEAGUE.

WELL, THAT WAS VOLUNTARY...

YOU APPEALED *TWICE* AND LOST *BOTH TIMES.*

I WAS *DRUNK* BOTH TIMES!

NINE BUCKS.

KTAK

AND *I'M* THE BAD GUY HERE. SO HOW DOES A GIRL LIKE YOU KNOW BASEBALL?

WOW, YOU'RE A REALLY *MODERN MAN*, AREN'T YOU?

...

ALL RIGHT, FINE, FINE--I'M A BIG *JERK*. THAT'S COOL. YOU GO ON AND *HATE* ME. WHAT HAPPENED TO MY *OLD* GUY, ANYWAY? HIM AND ME GOT ALONG JUST FINE. *GOOD GUY*, THAT ONE. WE WAS PRETTY CLOSE.

JOHNNY? HE *RETIRED*. THERE WAS A BIG PARTY.

WHAT?! RETIREMENT'S FOR *LOSERS!* WHY THE HELL'D HE GO AND DO THAT?

HIS WIFE HAS CANCER.

HE WAS *MARRIED?!*

YOU SOUND LIKE YOU WERE VERY CLOSE.

HE WAS *BALD*, THOUGH, RIGHT? KINDA *JOWLY?*

ENJOY YOUR DRINK.

YOU KNOW, FOR A *METS* FAN, YOU GOT A REAL BAD ATTI--

HEY! WHAT THE @#&! DID YOU JUST *CALL* ME?

I THOUGHT YOU--

I'M FROM *PHILLY*, @#&%!

WELL--NOW EVERYTHING'S STARTING TO MAKE MORE SENSE.

WHAT'S *THAT* SUPPOSED TO MEAN?!

JUST YOU HAVE VERY MUSCLEY ARMS.

ALL RIGHT, THAT'S IT. YOU WANNA COME IN HERE WITH YOUR WASHED UP, COKEHEAD BULL@#&@, *FINE*. YOU COST US THE *DIVISION* THAT YEAR, BUT *FINE*. BUT NOW YOU WANNA *INSULT PHILLY?* OKAY. *OUT*.

OUT?! WHAT?! I JUST OVERPAID FOR MY DRINK!

YEAH--

NEW YORK'S GREAT, HUH?

ALL RIGHT. CAN'T WIN 'EM ALL. I GET IT. BESIDES--

NOT LIKE I DON'T HAVE PLACES TO BE

MAN, I CAN'T *BELIEVE* THAT. *LUKE CAGE* AND *IRON FIST*. THEY WERE RIGHT *THERE*--

WILL YOU *KNOCK IT OFF* WITH THAT?!

WHAT? THEY'RE JUST TRYING TO KEEP THE CITY *SAFE*--

FROM *US!*

WE NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE--

SPEAK FOR *YOURSELF*-- *BANDANA MAN* BACK THERE BROKE MY *ANKLE*, I THINK--I NEED ME SOME OF THAT PRISON *HEALTH CARE*.

WE SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT.

WHAT?

WE SHOULDN'T HAVE SOLD OUT FRED.

WHAT ARE YOU *TALKING* ABOUT, HERMAN? THAT GUY--

HE WAS OUR *BOSS*. MAYBE HE WASN'T THE *BEST* AT IT, AND MAYBE HE WAS A *JERK*, AND HE MAYBE HE WAS GONNA GET US ALL *KILLED*--

UM--WAIT, WHERE WAS I GOING WITH THIS?

BOOM!

TOTAL HEISENBERG MOMENT

SHOULD WE TAKE A VOTE?

SO, A FEW THINGS WE NEED TO MAKE *CLEAR*--

FIRST UP, *I'M* IN CHARGE OF THE GANG. END OF STORY. I COME *BAIL YOU OUT*, YOU *OWE* ME NOW, *GOT* IT?

NO MORE *DEMOCRACY*.

TWO, I'M MOVING UP THE TIMETABLE--

WE'RE HITTING THE OWL'S PLACE *TOMORROW*, FIRST THING.

WHAT?! WE'RE NOT READY--

YEAH, *NO*, I GOT THAT FROM THE PART WHERE YOU WERE *STUCK* IN THE BACK OF A *POLICE VAN*. DON'T MATTER--

"--I'M TIRED OF WAITING."

GUYS LIKE THE OWL-- THEY THINK THEY *RUN* THIS TOWN.

THEY THINK WE'RE *SUCKERS*--GRUNTS THEY CAN *BUY* AND *SELL* WHENEVER THE HELL THEY FEEL LIKE IT.

WELL I'M DONE TAKING THEIR *ORDERS*! I'M DONE DOING THEIR *DIRTY WORK*!

TOMORROW, WE *SHOW* 'EM ALL WHO'S IN *CHARGE* NOW. AND IT AIN'T CHARLES--

--IT'S THE *SINISTER SIX*!

DID HE JUST MAKE A *CHARLES IN CHARGE* JOKE?

HE DOES GIVE A GOOD *SPEECH*, I'LL ADMIT THAT.

I'M JUST GLAD WE'RE NOT IN *JAIL*.

OH, CAUSE YOU'RE SOOO PRETTY.

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FRED-- UH, CAN WE TALK A SECOND?

YEAH, SURE-- HERMAN.

OUTSIDE?

NEVER GOOD RIGHT?

WHAT'S UP, THEN?

I KNOW ABOUT THE *CHAMELEON*.

DONTPANICTHINKFAST

UH... WHAT?

FASTERFASTERFASTERSTUPID

I SAW YOU TWO AT THE *RESTAURANT*. HE WAS PRETENDING TO BE THE *PUNISHER*.

NOT HAMMER-HEAD?

WHAT?

NOTHIN'. YOU UH, YOU *SAW* THAT?

I DON'T GET IT-- WHY'D YOU LIE TO US?

WHY-- HERMAN, WHEN YOU SAW US, WHAT'D I *SAY*?

"RIGHT! YEAH, WELL--SEE, IT'S ACTUALLY PRETTY EASY TO EXPLAIN..."

HERE IT COMES--

I JUST WANTED TO *IMPRESS* YOU GUYS.

IMPRESS US?

YEAH...I MEAN, I KNOW EVERYONE IN THERE THINKS I'M A *SCREWUP*--ESPECIALLY THAT *BEETLE* AND HER STUPID *ORGANIZATIONAL SKILLS*... SO I FIGURED--WELL, I FIGURED YOU'D ALL BE *IMPRESSED*--

IF I SURVIVED A RUN-IN WITH THE PUNISHER.

AW, FRED--

I THOUGHT IT WAS THE *ONLY* WAY I COULD *CONVINCE* YOU ALL TO GO FOR THE *SILVERMANE* HEIST! NOBODY TAKES ME *SERIOUSLY*, SO I THOUGHT--

BUT THEN-- WHAT WAS THAT STUFF ABOUT GETTING A FEW MORE DAYS?

HIS *APPEARANCE* FEE! LEMME TELL YA MAN, DON'T GET THAT GUY TO PLAY *THE THING* AT YOUR KID'S *BIRTHDAY* PARTY. OUTRAGEOUS.

I GUESS THAT MAKES SENSE...

SURE IT DOES. LISTEN, THOUGH--DO ME A SOLID-- DON'T TELL THE *REST* OF THE GANG ABOUT THIS, YEAH? IT'S KINDA *EMBARRASSING*.

SURE, FRED.

THANKS, HERMAN. YOU KNOW, YOU AND ME--I KNOW IT HASN'T ALWAYS BEEN *EASY*, BUT WE BEEN THROUGH *A LOT* TOGETHER.

THAT'S FOR SURE--

WE GET THESE MERCENARIES ON THE WAY*UP*--THEY THINK THEY KNOW HOW TO DO *EVERYTHING* BETTER-- BUT THEY HAVEN'T SEEN WHAT *WE'VE* SEEN. WHAT MAKES A GANG A *GANG*.

GOT THAT RIGHT.

I'M SORRY I DON'T TELL YOU THIS *ENOUGH*, BUDDY, BUT...

PAT PAT PAT PAT

PAT PAT PAT

...I'M GLAD WE'RE ON THE SAME TEAM, HERMAN.

NOW, I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING--WHAT A LOAD, RIGHT? BUT TRUTH IS--

I KINDA MEANT THAT LAST PART.

NOW DON'T GET ME WRONG, I'M A HARDENED CRIMINAL.

I'VE DONE MY SHARE OF STABBING IN THE BACK, STABBING IN THE FRONT, STABBING IN THE NECK. WHEREVER. STILL STABBING AS WE SPEAK.

BUT IF THE LAST TWENTY-FOURS HAVE TAUGHT ME ANYTHING, IT'S THAT THIS REALLY IS A BUSINESS OF RELATIONSHIPS.

GUYS LIKE ME, WE'RE ALWAYS LOOKING FOR THE NEXT JOB, THE NEXT SCORE--ALWAYS CHASING THAT DREAM--

AND WE LOSE SIGHT OF WHY WE'RE TRYING TO GET THERE IN THE FIRST PLACE.

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE IN A CREW.

IN MY CASE, I THINK THE PROBLEM IS I WORK TOO MUCH. GOTTA TAKE SOME ME TIME--

PSSSH

WHICH IS WHAT PUTS ME HERE.

IT'S TIME I FOCUSED A LITTLE MORE ON *FRED MYERS*, NOT JUST *BOOMERANG*, RIGHT?

TIME I GOT MYSELF A LIFE

HEY! GIRL WITH THE MOUTH!

OH, HE NOTICES MY MOUTH NOW.

PHILLY'S IN *TOWN* NEXT WEEK, THREE GAMES.

YOU THINK I DON'T KNOW THAT?

I'LL GET US SOME TICKETS. *GOOD* SEATS.

DO THEY EVEN *LET* YOU GO TO GO TO GAMES?

HAR, HAR. WE'RE *GOING*. YOU AND *ME*.

FINE.

SEE? LOOK HOW GREAT THAT FELT!

AND THAT'S WHAT WORK NEEDS, TOO--A LITTLE *HUMAN* TOUCH.

I'M A *LEADER* NOW, NOT JUST SOME STUPID *GOON*--I BETTER START *ACTING* LIKE ONE.

NO

WE'RE TRYING TO BUILD SOMETHING HERE, AND NONE OF US CAN DO IT ALONE.

I'M NOT GOING SOFT, BUT LOYALTY DOES MEAN SOMETHING.

OVERPASS CLOSED FOR CONSTR

ESPECIALLY IN *THIS* TOWN.

WHEN WE PULL THIS *JOB* TOMORROW WE DO IT AS A *TEAM*.

WE PLAY IT *STRAIGHT*. WE WATCH EACH OTHER'S BACK, *LOOK OUT* FOR EACH OTHER. EVERYBODY GETS THEIR *SHARE*.

YES SIR, FROM NOW ON, ME AND MY CREW--

WE GOTTA STICK TOGETHER

FOE-NING IT IN...

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Happy Halloween, Foe-Natics!

Sucks to be the Shocker this month – let's hope he's a strong swimmer. August just wrapped up summer as this goes to press, but you'll be reading it as the countdown to Halloween begins.

You know what'd make this column great next month? And I mean GREAT? If fans of this book dressed up as their favorite foes for the Holiday. The folks who cosplay as one of our Fab Five will get their pictures run in this magazine in an upcoming letters page.

Now, on with the mailbag!

Dear Foe-ning it in,

I'll confess that Superior Foes #1 left me a bit nonplussed. It wasn't bad, but didn't blow me away. But #2 was really good, and it feels that the comic has hit its stride, so well done! It's a great sequel to the (years ago) titles of the Deadly Foes of Spider-Man and the Lethal Foes of Spider-Man.

Speaking of which... Abe Jenkins!??! Really? The founder of the Sinister Syndicate, the original Beetle, who put Boomerang and Shocker and Speed Demon all on a team together? And they all served as TBolts together? Brilliant ending!!! Thankfully I didn't have my coffee in hand, or I would have spit it everywhere and ruined my issue. Seriously, the absolute best and most unexpected ending that I have read in years, and had me desperate to see what happens next. But one MAJOR question: what on earth happened to Mach VI??? Last we saw Abe in the pages of the Dark Avengers he was Mach V. You can't do this to us! We have to know what happened to Mach VI. Why did we skip to Mach VII?

On a request note... this got me pulling out Deadly foes, and seeing the new female Beetle got me remembering Hardcase/Beetle/Leila Davis. I know she wasn't around for long as Abe's successor, and I may be the only one that remembers her, but in Marvel, anyone can eventually come back from the dead, and it doesn't feel like a "... Foes of Spider-Man" comic without her. Any chance of maybe a time-travel episode to rescue her (and Meteorite and Charlie while you are at it)? At some point Abe is going to have to go back and rescue Fixer from that temporal loop that Centurius put him in. Maybe they can grab Leila on their way? Stranger things have happened in the Marvel Universe, right?

Jason Brandon
Murphysboro IL

Dear Superior Foes,

I'm loving Superior Foes right now! This Shocker/Speed Demon duo is great, and I would love to see more of Overdrive. A team of dysfunctional villains with a deceiving leader is definitely going to lead to some good stories. I'm interested in how Mach VII's appearance will affect the story. Looking forward to issue 3!

Austin Ripley
Las Vegas, NV

Dear Foe-Nation,

Loving the book! The story, the art, its all fantastic. I do have two questions. (1) Are we going to see things from other character's points of view? Or is the whole story going to be told by Fred? (2) Is there the chance that other super-criminals might be asked to join the group? I'd love to see Hydro-Man offered another shot at "the big time."

Thanks for the great comic and keep it up,

John Bailey
St. Charles, MO

Thanks, John ! In terms of your questions, we're definitely going to be getting into the heads of the other Foes... although Shocker's head will probably be a bit harder to find than others. In terms of your second question, we'll certainly see other villains popping up. Stay tuned.

Nick, Steve, Rachelle and Joe will be back in 30 days for more villainous ventures with the Superior Foes of Spider-Man!

Temerious Tom
9/6/2013

NEXT:

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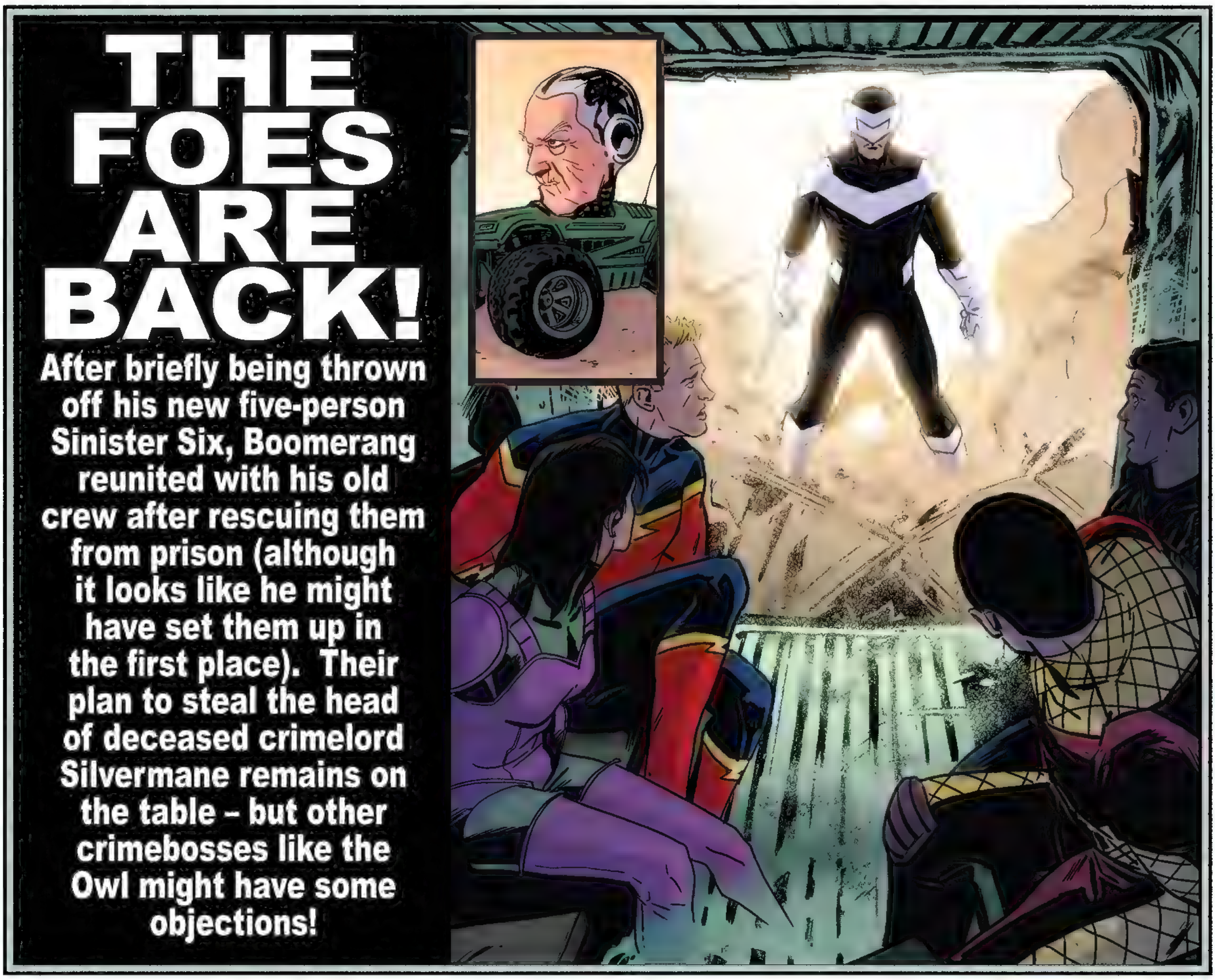
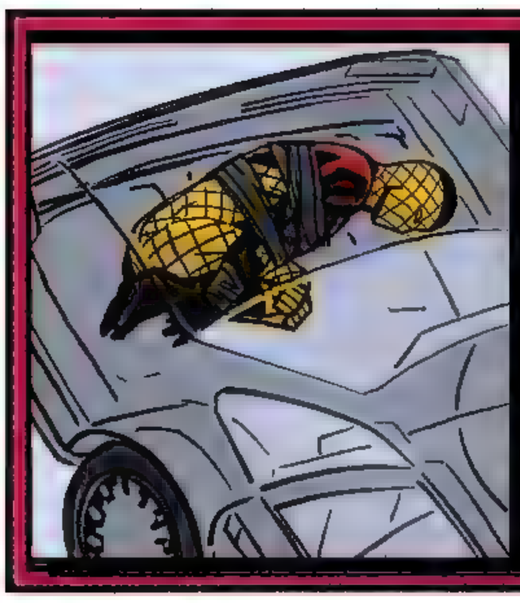


THE FOES ARE BACK!

After briefly being thrown off his new five-person Sinister Six, Boomerang reunited with his old crew after rescuing them from prison (although it looks like he might have set them up in the first place). Their plan to steal the head of deceased crimelord Silvermane remains on the table – but other crimebosses like the Owl might have some objections!



SHOCKING END?

Underworld sources say Spider-Man's longtime nemesis Shocker may have met a grisly end this past week at the hands of old friend Boomerang. Is this the end of the yellow menace?

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UH...HE GONNA BE HERE SOON, G-GUYS?

Someplace Awful...

OKAY, SHUTTIN' UP...

WELL, AT LEAST NOW YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY IS *TRUE*, YEAH?

THE *OWL* EATS *RATS*.

M--MISTER OWL, PLEASE--

P-PLEASE, SIR...

PROBLEM I HAVE IS KEEPING THE RATS *FED*. THESE THINGS GO AT IT LIKE I'VE NEVER SEEN. THEY SAY, IF YOU PUT TWO OF THEM IN A ROOM TOGETHER, THERE'LL BE TWO *THOUSAND* OF 'EM IN A YEAR. THAT'S *SCIENCE*. AND A BURDEN ON ME.

THE OTHER DILEMMA IS THIS--THEIR *TEETH*, THEY NEVER STOP *GROWING*. HALF A FOOT A YEAR THEY GROW. DID YOU *KNOW* THAT? THEY WILL CHEW YOU OUT OF HOUSE AND HOME, JUST TO KEEP GRINDING 'EM DOWN.

BUT THEY ARE *PRECIOUS* LITTLE CREATURES, I HAVE TO GIVE THEM THAT.

SO, TOMMY, IT SEEMS WE DON'T HAVE A LOT OF *TIME*, NOW DO WE? BEST WE GET DOWN TO THE OLD *BRASS TACKS* OF IT, YEAH?

YOU'VE BEEN CAUGHT WITH YOUR HAND IN MOMMY'S KNICKER DRAWER.

I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS *YOU*, SIR--I SWEAR TO *GOD*, I DIDN'T KNOW!

BUT YOU DO *NOW*, DON'T YOU, TOMMY? YOU ARE *AWARE* OF THIS SORRY STATE OF AFFAIRS WE NOW FIND OURSELVES IN.

I DO, I *DO*--I JUST-- I CAN *FIX* IT-- I *SWEAR* TO YOU--

NOW THAT'S WHAT I'M HERE FOR. THAT'S WHAT I'M *HOPING* FOR. THAT YOU CAN *RETURN* THE MONEY YOU TOOK FROM ME, ALONG WITH A HEALTHY LITTLE RETURN ON *INVESTMENT*. NOTHING TOO EXTRAORDINARY.

SEE, IF YOU COULD DO *THAT*, I MIGHT EVEN CONSIDER DOING *MORE* BUSINESS WITH YOU IN THE FUTURE. I'M A VERY FORGIVING MAN THAT WAY.

CAN YOU *DO* THAT, THEN, TOMMY?

I DON'T--I DON'T *HAVE* IT RIGHT NOW...

OF *COURSE* YOU DON'T HAVE IT, TOMMY. YOU BEEN PARTYING *ALL OVER TOWN* WITH IT. YOU'VE BEEN LEAVING IT ON EVERY NIGHTSTAND FROM HERE TO *MIAMI*. THAT'S HOW YOU CAME TO MY ATTENTION. IT'S THE VICIOUS CYCLE OF IT.

BUT, WAIT-- *WAIT!* I *HAVE* SOMETHING--I CAN *SHOW* YOU--I CAN SHOW YOU HOW I *DID* IT.

I CAN SHOW YOU HOW I TOOK IT WITHOUT YOU *FINDING* ME OUT FOR SO LONG. I CAN SHOW YOU THE *WEAK SPOTS* IN YOUR BOOKS. AND YOU COULD--YOU COULD APPLY IT TO YOUR *OWN* CLIENTS. YOU COULD MAKE A *LOT* MORE THAN I TOOK!

MM. YOU'LL *SHOW* ME, YEAH? HOW YOU PULLED THE *WOOL* OVER THESE *EYES?*

YES! YES!

NOW THAT IS AN INTERESTING *PROPOSITION* THERE, TOMMY. BUT IT DOES REMIND ME OF A *STORY* FROM BACK IN THE *OLD* DAYS. I CAN TELL IT TO YOU, IF YOU'D LIKE.

OH, GOD...

"YOU SEE, WHEN I WAS STARTING OUT, I WORKED WITH A REAL HEAVY--*MAN-BULL*. ONE OF THE *GOOD* ONES, I'D SAY, VERY *DEPENDABLE* FOR THE MOST PART."

AT ANY RATE, WE FOUND THIS JOB-- A REAL *GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY* AS IT WERE--AND WE NEEDED A *SAFECRACKER*. NOT JUST *ANY* SAFE-CRACKER, MIND YOU-- THE *BEST*.

"SO WE WENT FOR THIS FELLOW, *WILLIE VALENTINE*. RETIRED EX-CON, LIVING CLEAN, WITH THIS LITTLE ROMANIAN GIRL FOR A WIFE. HE *LOVED* THAT GIRL, I CAN REMEMBER THAT.

"FOLLOWED HER AROUND LIKE A LITTLE *PUPPY DOG*.

"FIRST, WE TRY TO APPROACH HIM LIKE *GENTLEMEN*, MAKE HIM THE FRIENDLY OFFER, A *FAIR PERCENTAGE* IN MY VIEW. BUT THE *WIFE--SHE* WON'T ALLOW IT. '*NO, NO, NO*,' SHE SAYS.

SO WE DECIDE TO DO IT A *DIFFERENT* WAY. I STICK WITH WILLIE, AND MAN-BULL GOES TO THE *HOME*. WE SET UP A LITTLE *CAMERA* THERE, TO SHOW HIM WE'RE *SERIOUS*. WE TELL HIM--YOU DO THIS JOB, OR THE MAN IN YOUR HOUSE DOES *TERRIBLE THINGS*.

"THE TROUBLE WE RAN INTO WAS, *MAN-BULL*--AND THIS MAY *SURPRISE* YOU--HE WAS ACTUALLY QUITE THE *SMOOTH TALKER*, SOMETHING OF A HIT WITH THE FAIRER OF US. AND THE ROMANIAN GIRL WAS NO EXCEPTION."

SO WHEN I TOOK WILLIE TO OUR LITTLE SETUP, AND I TURNED ON THAT TELEVISION TO SHOW HIM THE *DANGER* HE'D MADE FOR HIMSELF, *INSTEAD*, WELL--

"BULL-RIDE."

NEEDLESS TO SAY, THIS LEFT US WITHOUT OUR *LEVERAGE*, AND PUT ME IN SOMETHING OF AN *AWKWARD SPOT*, AS YOU CAN IMAGINE.
BUT DO YOU KNOW WHAT I *DID* LEARN THAT DAY, TOMMY?
N-NO...
I LEARNED IF YOU WANT TO GET A MAN TO *DO* SOMETHING FOR YOU, BEST *NOT* SHOW HIM A TAPE OF A BULL ✱✱✱✱ HIS *WIFE*.
SNAP!
AAAH AAAAHH
MAKE SURE TO GRAB ME A FEW WHEN HE'S DONE, HENRY--
I'M STARVING.

SO YEAH—
THIS GUY, RIGHT?
LET'S ROB HIM

SHIFT CHANGE IS STARTING. THEY'LL HAVE ABOUT *HALF* AS MANY GUARDS ON SITE FOR THE NEXT HALF-HOUR--

Airplane Mode

SO WE GOTTA *MOVE... FAST.*

...*SPEED DEMON?*

HUH?

WE GOTTA *MOVE... FAST.*

UH-HUH.

THAT'S *YOU.* I WAS GIVING YOU A GREAT *OPENER* THERE--"MOVE... FAST" THEN YOU'D BE LIKE "*PEW!*"

PEW? OH. OH, *RIGHT.* SORRY. I'M A LITTLE *OFF,* I GUESS...

THE *INJURY* N'ALL.

YOU REALLY THINK YOU CAN *WORK* ON THAT THING?

AW, YEAH. YOU KNOW, IT'S A LITTLE *DUCT TAPE,* GOT MY *WHEELS--*

YOU LOOK LIKE THE WRONG HALF OF *DAZZLER.*

ARE YOU TWO ABOUT *DONE?*

WE'VE GOT A LOT TO GO OVER.

WHAT IS THIS?

IT'S JUST SOMETHING I PUT TOGETHER LAST NIGHT, AFTER YOU INSISTED ON RUSHING THIS JOB--INDIVIDUALIZED ASSIGNMENTS, MAPS, FAIL-SAFES, ALIBIS--

IT'S COLOR CODED!

THERE'S A GLOSSARY OF TERMS IN THE BACK IN CASE YOU'RE CONFUSED BY ANY BIG WORDS.

YOU GOTTA BE KIDDING ME--

GUYS, IF YOU LOOK IT OVER, IT'S ACTUALLY REALLY HELPFUL...

GIMME THAT!

I THINK YOU'RE FORGETTING WHO'S IN CHARGE HERE, LADY! I GIVE THE ORDERS--

WELL, MAYBE IF YOU GAVE EVEN THE SLIGHTEST INDICATION YOU KNEW WHAT YOU WERE DOING, I WOULDN'T HAVE A PROBLEM FOLLOWING THEM!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?! THIS IS A SIMPLE SMASH-AND-GRAB OPERATION. I GOT EXPLODING BOOMERANGS, AND I PLAN TO USE 'EM!

OOH, BIG MAN, MAKE THINGS GO BOOM. I'M SO IMPRESSED. BUT IF YOU'RE SUCH A GREAT LEADER, TELL ME--

"--WHERE'S SHOCKER?"

HERMAN? COME ON, I TOLD YOU, HE CHICKENED OUT LIKE ALWAYS.

OR, HE JUST DIDN'T HAVE CONFIDENCE IN YOUR NON-PLAN.

OR, I PUT HIM IN THE--

--DIFFICULT POSITION OF BELIEVING IN HIMSELF AND HIS TEAMMATES AFTER YEARS OF SELF-DOUBT AND EXCESSIVE PARANOIA.

S'TRUE. HE WAS THE COWARD OF THE GANG.

EXACTLY! BESIDES, WE DON'T NEED THAT GUY. WE GOT PLENTY OF FIREPOWER. I GOT MY BOOMERANGS, JAMES HAS GOT HIS SUPER-SPEED, OVERDRIVE'S GOT THAT CAR TRICKING OUT THING, AND YOU--

WELL, MAYBE YOU SHOULD JUST GO DOWN THERE AND ANNOY THE HELL OUT OF THOSE GUYS, TOO. MAYBE GIVE 'EM SOME PAPERWORK TO LOOK OVER.

NO? OKAY THEN. IF WE'RE DONE HERE, LIKE I SAID BEFORE--

WE GOTTA MOVE...

...FAST.

PEW

KLAK

AWESOME.

PEW

PEW

I'M GOOD! I'M GOOD!

SIGH-- OVERDRIVE, YOU'RE UP.

UH, SURE...

ALWAYS WANTED ONE OF THESE WHEN I WAS A KID...

PWHUPWHUPWHUPWHUPWHUPWHUPWHUPWHUPW

WELL, ALL RIGHT. PERIMETER SECURE. *SEE?*

YES, CONGRATULATIONS ON MASTERING THE EASY PART.

EASY?

NOW WHAT?

HATE TO SAY IT, BUT SHE'S *RIGHT*--WE PROBABLY GOT ABOUT *10 SECONDS* BEFORE THE FIRST WAVE OF GUARDS COMES--

YOU GOTTA BE *KIDDING* ME.

LOOK, WE'LL BE *FINE*. WE'RE THE *SINISTER SIX*. WE STICK TOGETHER, AND WE COVER EACH OTHER'S BACKS, THIS'LL BE A *CAKEWALK*--AND REMEMBER, IT'S THE SECOND HALLWAY ON THE--

YOU GOTTA BE KIDDING ME.

RIGHT. SECOND HALLWAY ON THE RIGHT!

HOLD ON.

LEFT. IT'S THE SECOND ONE ON THE *LEFT*.

+SIGH+.

HERE. THIS MIGHT HELP.

OOH, *THERE* IT IS!

THIS'LL BE A PIECE OF CAKE, GANG!

OUT OF SERVICE

EXIT

WELL, THIS IS IT, RIGHT?

MY LAST SHOT AT THE *BIG TIME*. ALL THE *PREPARATION*, ALL THE *SCHEMING*-- IT'S ALL BEEN BUILDING TO THIS.

EITHER WE SCORE HERE—

OR WE MIGHT AS WELL HANG UP THE TIGHTS RIGHT NOW.

BUT YOU KNOW WHAT? CRAZY THING IS--I'M NOT WORRIED.

THIS IS A GOOD CREW. WE *DESERVE* TO BE CALLED THE SINISTER SIX. *SCREW* MATH.

THIS TIME IS GONNA BE *DIFFERENT*.

THIS TIME WE HAVE WHAT IT TAKES.

GO ON! GET TO THE *HEAD*! I'LL HOLD 'EM OFF!

YEP, THIS IS OUR MOMENT—

AND I'M GONNA ENJOY EVERY *SECOND* OF IT. ALL 60 SECONDS OF OUR MOMENT.

I MEAN, COME ON--

I WORKED *PRETTY HARD* FOR THIS

OH, HEY LOOK, THE ELEVATOR WORKS AFTER ALL

ding

BET THE GANG WOULD'VE LIKED TO HAVE *KNOWN* THAT--

PEW

PEW

PEW

BUT HEY, I'M SURE THEY'RE DOING *FINE* REGARDLESS.

THEY ARE *PROFESSIONALS*, AFTER ALL.

WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE!

THEY DON'T *SCARE* EASY.

PEED.

THEY STAY *FOCUSED*--

AND KEEP THEIR EYES ON THE *PRIZE*. ICE-COLD CRIMINALS.

GAAH! MOMMY!

YES SIR, FOR *MY* CREW, NONE OF THIS IS A *GAME*. STRICTLY *BUSINESS*, PLAIN AND SIMPLE.

TARGET THE *MESOSOMA!*

WHAT PART'S THE *MESOSOMA?!*

WE HAVE A *JOB* TO DO, AND WE DAMN WELL *DO* IT.

HELL, I BET EVEN THE *OWL* DOESN'T TAKE IT PERSONALLY.

BOOMERANG... YOU SON OF A--

NOW IT'S PERSONAL!

GET MY *PRIUS* READY, DUNCAN.

CALL OUR FRIEND IN *DENVER*--

LET HIM KNOW I HAVE A *JOB* FOR HIM--

THE KIND I SUSPECT HE'LL *ENJOY*.

LISTEN TO THAT. YOU CAN BARELY HEAR THE *ENGINE*.

LOVE THE PRIUS.

AND JUST LIKE *THAT*, WE'VE REACHED OUR FINAL *DESTINATION*. IN THIS *ROOM*, THE THING WE'VE (OKAY, *THEY'VE*) BEEN FIGHTING AND RISKING OUR (OKAY, *THEIR*) LIVES FOR THIS *WHOLE TIME*--

THE MOST *VALUABLE* AND *SOUGHT AFTER* PIECE OF *ART* ON THIS EARTH--

"THE TRUE FACE OF *VICTOR VON DOOM*."

SORRY *WHAT?* THE HEAD OF *SILVERMANE?*

OH. COME ON--

UNITED STATES TREASURY

DID YOU SERIOUSLY THINK THAT WAS A REAL THING?

LADY SAID JUST DROP IT OVER HERE.

ANYTHING WORTH *LIFTIN'*?

YOU *KIDDIN'*? *LOOK* AT THIS THING. WHOEVER TORCHED IT, THEY DID A DAMN *THOROUGH* JOB.

VATE
PERTY
SPASSING
L BE PROSECUTED

AIN'T NUTHIN IN THERE WORTH DIGGIN' FOR.

thud

thud

THUD

PCHUNCK

YOU ALL RIGHT, MISTER?

WERE YOU IN THE CAR, MISTER?

HHNN... WHA?

WERE YOU IN THAT CAR? THAT LOOKS PRETTY BAD--

UNN...'M FINE, FINE...STAY IN SCHOOL...

ARE YOU HURT, MISTER? YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'RE HURT...

NN...GUY DOUBLE-CROSSED ME...

YOU LOOK LIKE YOU NEED A DOCTOR!

WH-- NAH, NAH... DON'T DO DRUGS...

YOU WANT ME TO GO GET MY MOM, MISTER?

RRNN, RNN--WHAT'S WAY'S OUT?

OH, UH, THAT WAY, BUT--

MISTER?

FOE-NING IT IN...

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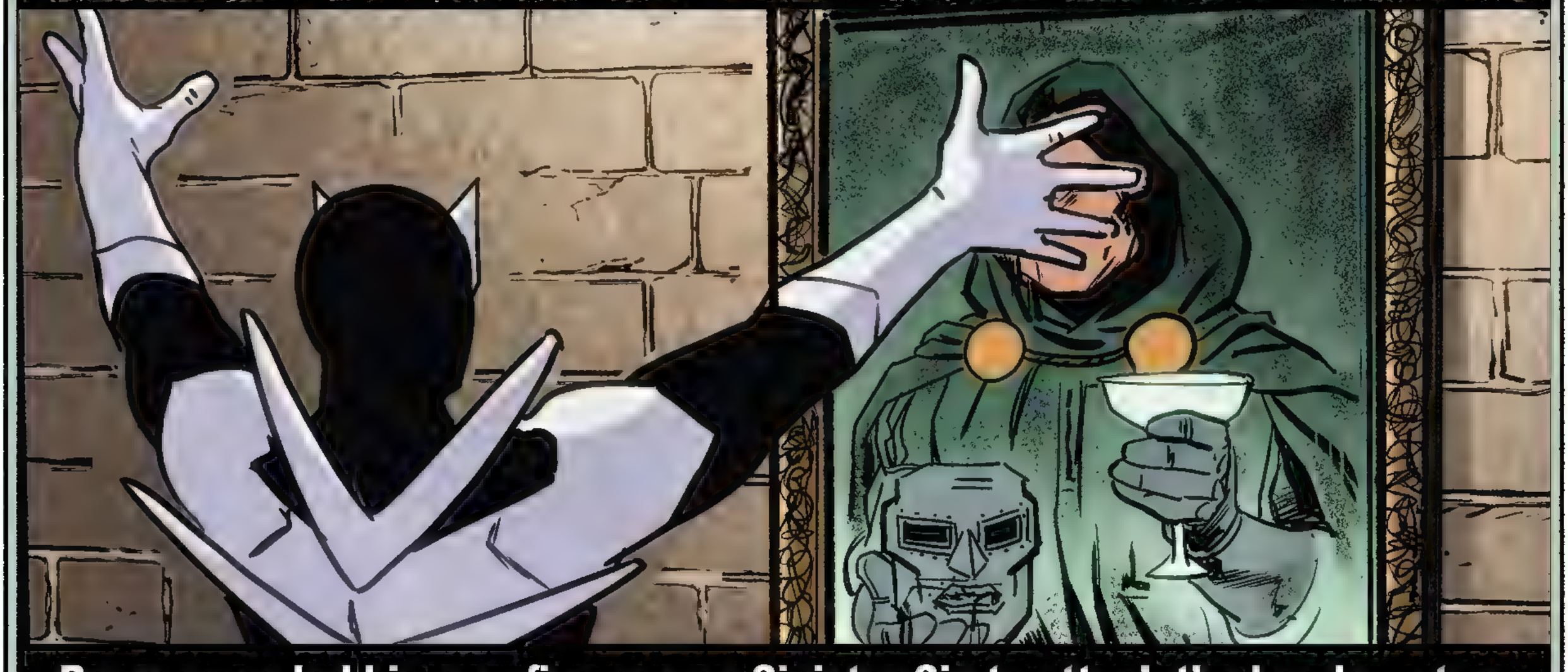
INSIDE: DAREDEVIL GOES TO MIAMI – MISTY KNIGHT FINDS HIM THERE! VENOM LEAVES PHILADELPHIA... BUT FOR WHERE? AND LASTLY, IS MARVEL NOW WHAT FUNNIER THAN THIS COMIC? NO. NO IT'S NOT.

TRAPPED LIKE RATS!



Boomerang led his new five-person Sinister Six to attack the headquarters of crime boss the Owl and steal the head of Silvermane — only to leave them to be captured by the Owl's forces and steal his true trophy — a portrait of Victor von Doom with his mask off. What a jerk, right?

DON'T LOSE YOUR HEADS!

Spidey villain the Shocker, thought dead, resurfaced at a local junkyard — with a valuable body part of a mob boss in hand.

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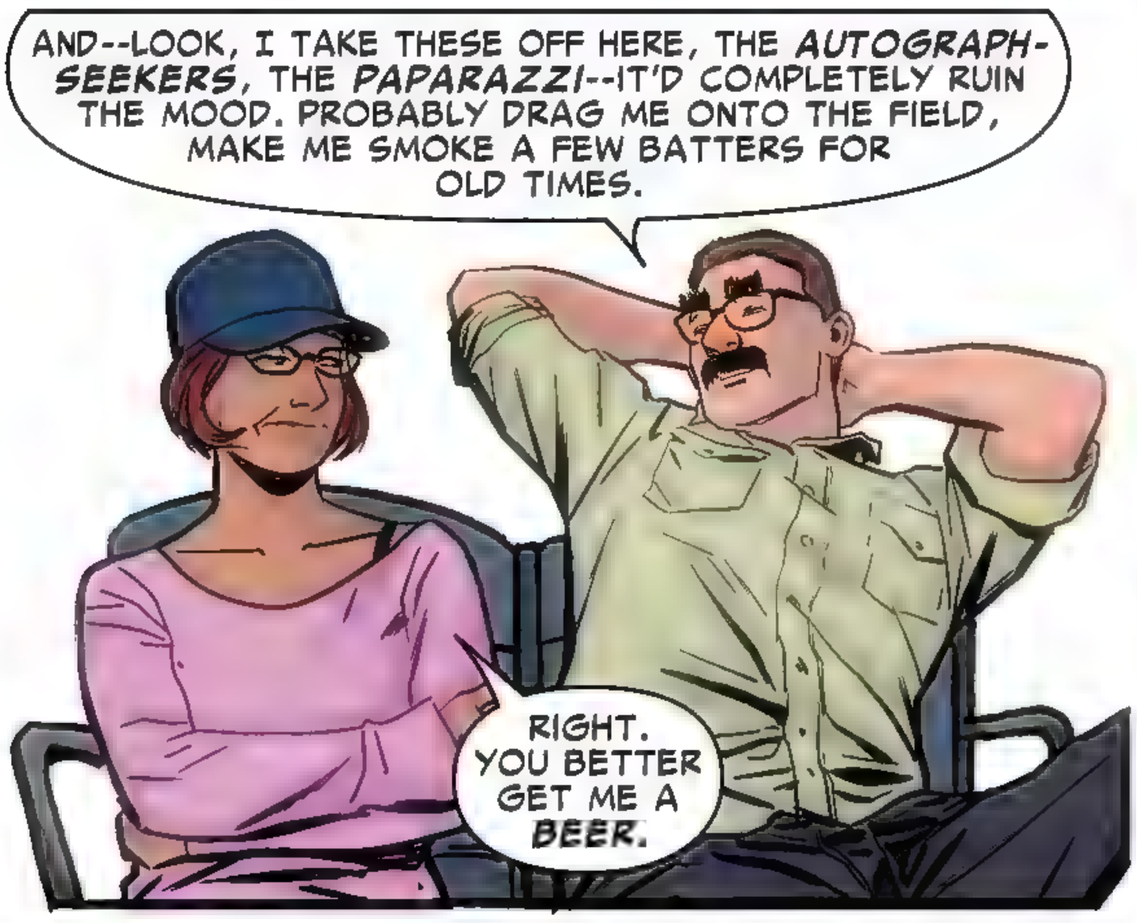
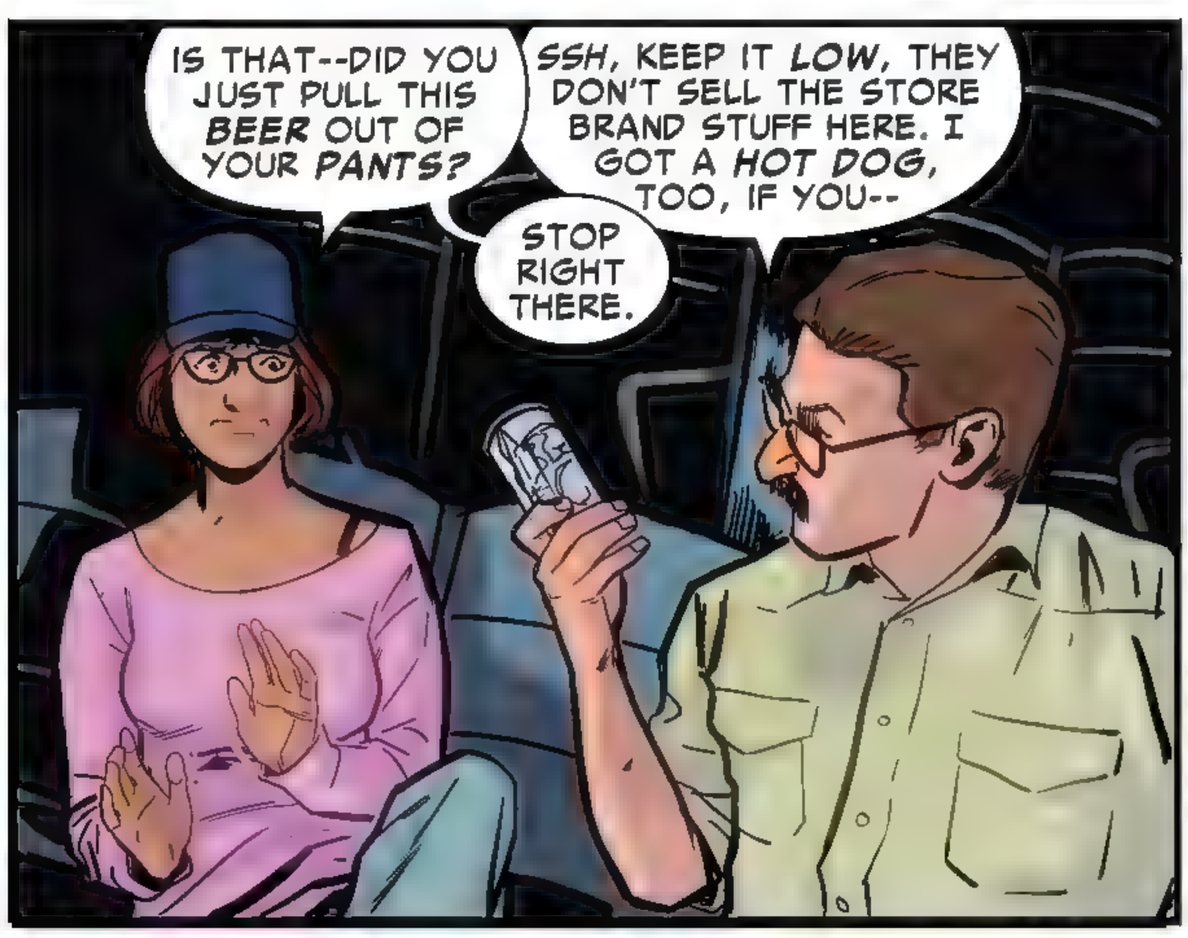
AND YOU'RE SURE YOU'RE *ALLOWED* TO BE HERE?

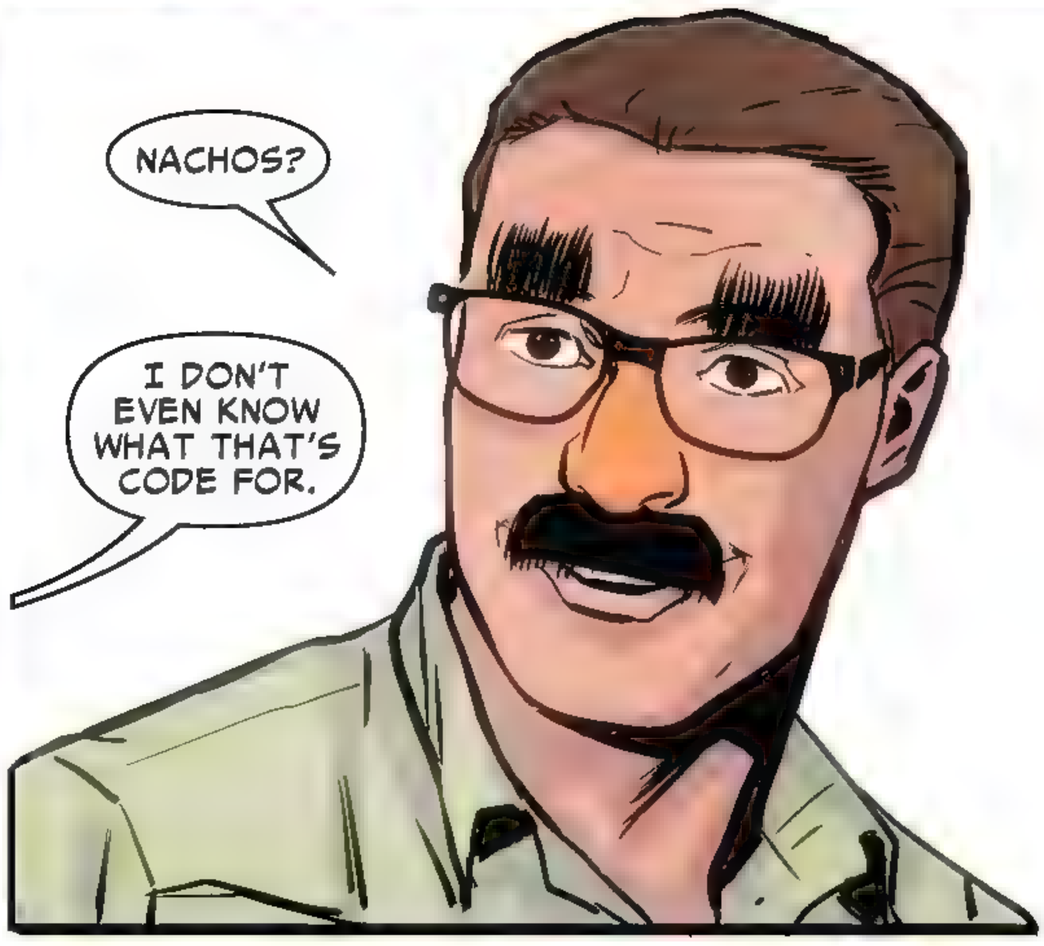
YEAH, WHY?

AH, *THIS?* NAH, THIS IS *FUNNY*, RIGHT? JUST FOR LAUGHS. CHICKS DIG A GUY WITH A SENSE OF HUMOR. I READ THAT.
HM.
TAP TAP


AND--LOOK, I TAKE THESE OFF HERE, THE *AUTOGRAPH-SEEKERS*, THE *PAPARAZZI*--IT'D COMPLETELY RUIN THE MOOD. PROBABLY DRAG ME ONTO THE FIELD, MAKE ME SMOKE A FEW BATTERS FOR OLD TIMES.
RIGHT. YOU BETTER GET ME A *BEER.*

WHAT? AW, NO, YOU SEEN THE *PRICES* IN THIS PLACE? WORSE THAN THAT DUMP OF A *BAR* YOU WORK IN. HERE--

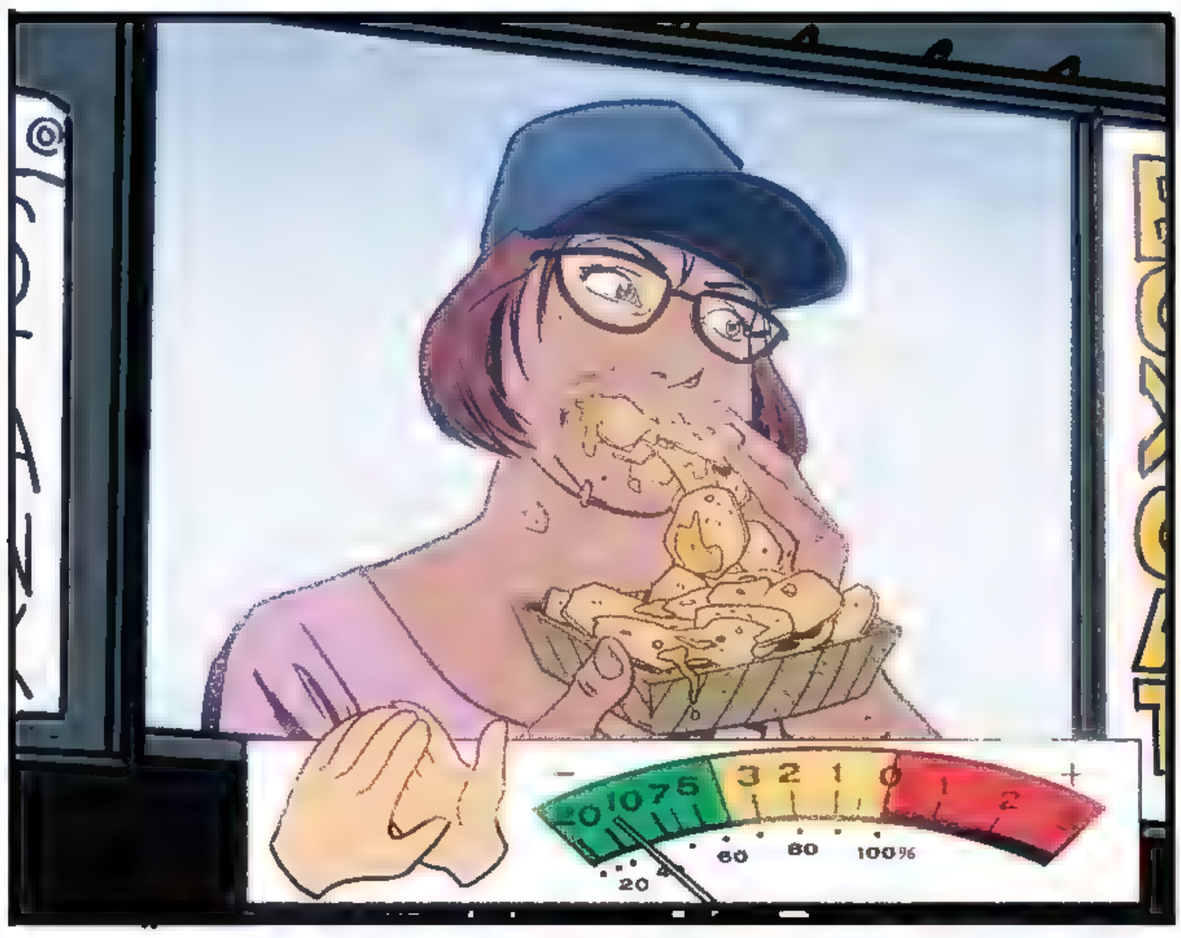

IS THAT--DID YOU JUST PULL THIS *BEER* OUT OF YOUR *PANTS?*
SSH, KEEP IT *LOW*, THEY DON'T SELL THE STORE BRAND STUFF HERE. I GOT A *HOT DOG*, TOO, IF YOU--
STOP RIGHT THERE.

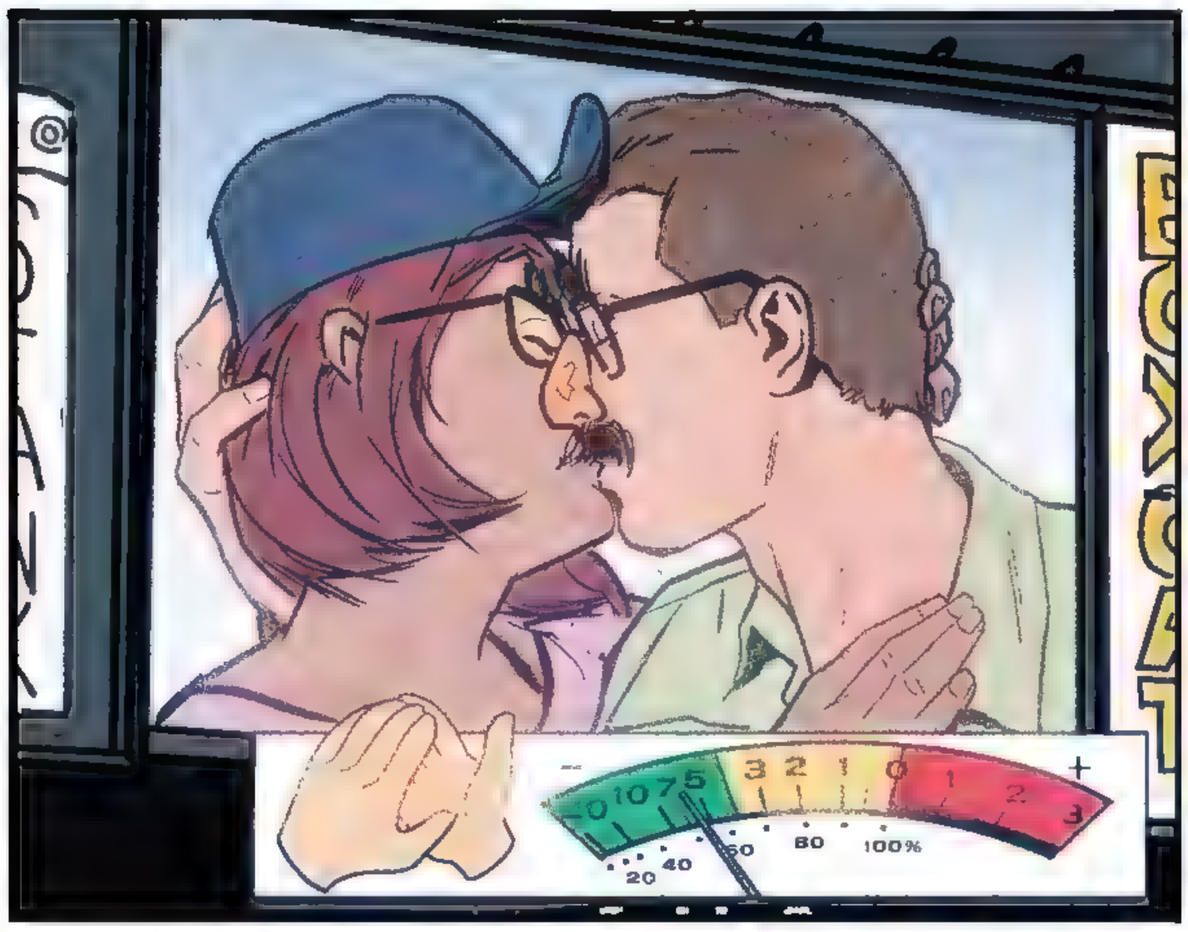

NACHOS?
I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THAT'S CODE FOR.

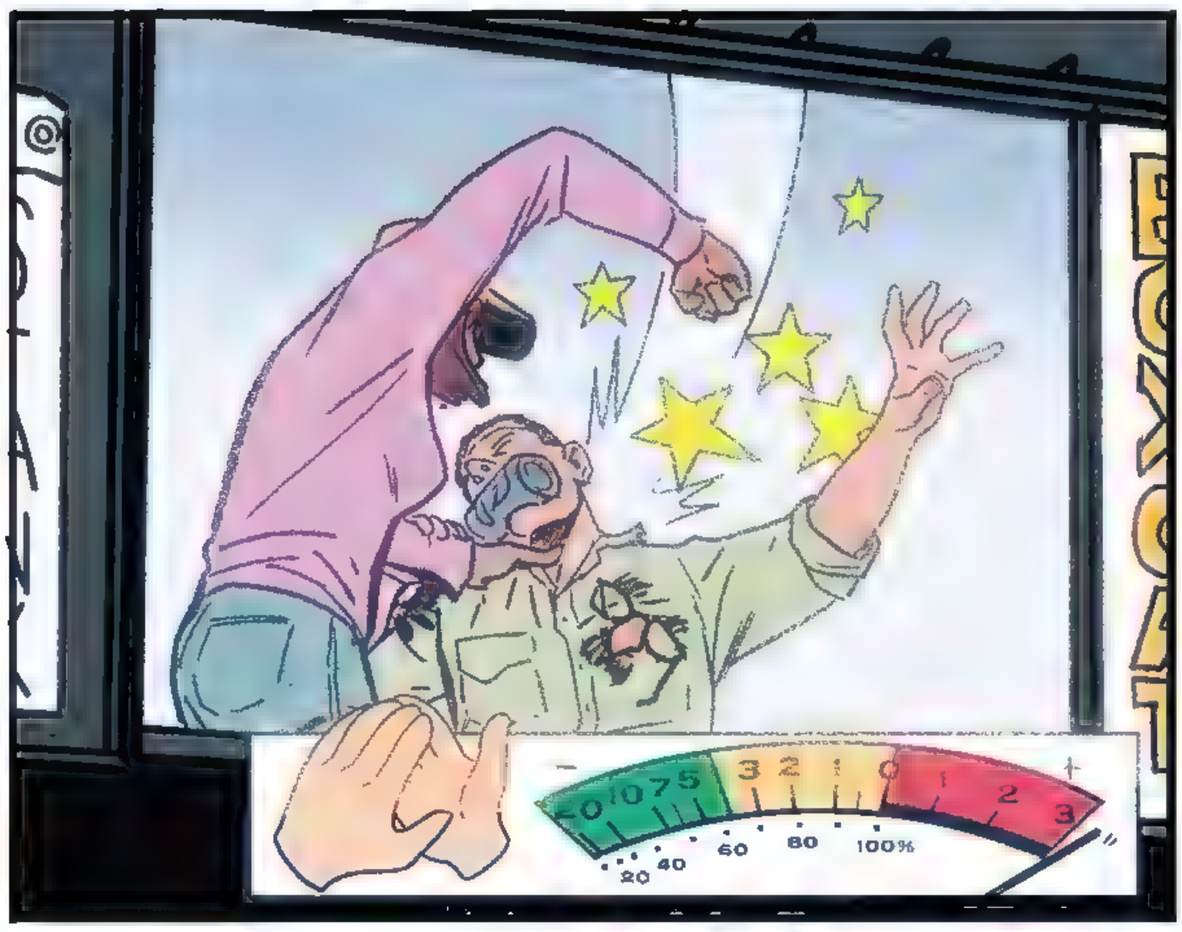
OH, I GET IT--DON'T WANNA GET CAUGHT ON THE *KISS CAM* ALL STUFFIN' YOUR FACE.

BEFORE WE START *MAKING OUT.*

THAT HOW YOU THINK THIS IS GONNA GO?







WE COULD PROBABLY JUST HEAD OUT AT THE SEVENTH INNING STRETCH.

HNN. YOU WOULD.

AND NOW, PITCHING FOR NEW YORK, NUMBER THIRTY-THREE--

'AYYAYYAYHURRAYYAAYYYYWHOO
WO!YYAWYEAH!YAAAAYYYWHOO!

THE MALAYSIAN SENSATION, DEMANG PENDAK!

I HATE THIS GUY.

AND JUST LIKE THAT--

I'M IN LOVE

PENDAK-- GOD, THAT GUY IS THE *WORST*. HE'S GONNA BREAK MY RECORD, YOU KNOW.

HE'S ON *COKE*?

s Cashed

NICES

NOT *THAT* RECORD--THE FASTEST TO TWO HUNDRED STRIKEOUTS.

PRETTY SURE THEY STRUCK THAT ONE FROM THE BOOKS.

BUT NOT FROM OUR *HEARTS!* THE PEOPLE STILL KNOW.

THE PEOPLE STILL *BURN* YOUR *ROOKIE CARD.*

ALL RIGHT, FINE, *FINE*--I STILL KNOW.

YOU EVER *MISS* IT?

MISS *WHAT?*

C'MON.

WHAT, *BASEBALL?* YOU KIDDING ME? HELL, NO.

GOOD NIGHT, FRED.

AW, C'MON--

NIGHT.

WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO *SAY*, HUH?

THAT I MISS IT *ALL THE DAMN TIME?* THAT IF I CLOSE MY EYES REAL TIGHT--

"I CAN HEAR THAT *CROWD?*

"FEEL THE *DIRT* UNDER MY CLEATS?

"THAT AIR--NO BETTER AIR TO BREATHE THAN IN A BALLPARK, EVEN IN THIS DISGUSTING TOWN..."

SHEA S

THAT WHAT YOU WANNA HEAR?

OF *COURSE* I MISS IT. YOU THINK I *LIKE* BEING A WASHED-UP, NO-GOOD--WHAT'D I *SAY* I DO FOR A LIVING, AGAIN?

INSURANCE SALESMAN.

RIGHT. *INSURANCE SALESMAN.* SPENDING EVERY DAMN DAY OF HIS LIFE WISHING HE COULD GO BACK AND--

GOOD NIGHT, FRED.

:smek:

SERIOUSLY? THAT'S *IT?*

SORRY?

NAH, IT'S JUST--ALL THAT EMOTIONAL *VULNERABILITY,* ALL THAT *HONESTY--*

THAT AIN'T GONNA GET ME *UPSTAIRS?*

GOOD. NIGHT.

I'MMA CALL YOU!

SLAM

WELL, SEE? I HAPPEN TO THINK THAT WENT PRETTY DAMN *WELL.*

BUT THEN, NOT MANY WOMEN OUT THERE CAN RESIST THE OLD *MYERS CHARM.* NOT WITH MY DAMON-ESQUE BOYISH *LOOKS,* JACKMAN-ESQUE *PHYSIQUE,* AND FASSBENDER-ESQUE *FASHION SENSE.*

AND BEST PART IS, SHE SO OBVIOUSLY DIGS ME FOR *ME...* SHE DON'T EVEN KNOW...

—THAT I'M RICH!

"THE TRUE FACE OF VICTOR VON DOOM." CURRENTLY VALUED AT A COOL THREE HUNDRED MIL-- OR AT LEAST, THAT'S WHAT'S ESTIMATED IF ANYONE COULD'VE EVER PROVEN ITS EXISTENCE.

SEE, STORY IS, GUY WHO PAINTED IT, BROUDAIRE, WAS THE MOST GIFTED ARTIST OF HIS GENERATION. WOULD'VE BEEN THE NEXT PICASSO, THE NEXT MONET, THE NEXT GUY WHO DID THAT ELVIS-ON-VELVET-THING.

BROUDAIRE.

SO VICTOR VON DOOM, THE INFAMOUS DICTATOR OF *LATVERIA* AND OBVIOUS CLOSET *WIZARD OF OZ* FAN--HAVING HEARD THE HYPE--BRINGS HIM UP TO HIS CASTLE WITH A VERY SPECIAL COMMISSION.

I WANT YOU TO DRAW DOOM...LIKE ONE OF YOUR *FRENCH GIRLS.*

ACTUALLY, I HAVE NO IDEA IF A TASTEFUL *NUDE* WAS EVER DISCUSSED, BUT THE ARTIST DID MANAGE TO CONVINCE THE GOOD DOCTOR TO TAKE OFF THAT *MASK* AND SHOW EVERYONE HIS *FACE*, WHICH IS KIND OF IN THAT *"WHO IS BANKSY, WAS DECKARD A REPLICANT"* CATEGORY OF INTERWEB MYSTERY.

OBVIOUSLY A *BIG DEAL*, AND NOT JUST FOR THE *ARTIST*. VIC, NOT HAVING FELT SO...*EXPOSED* IN SOME TIME, AND HAVING HIT THE WINE TOO HARD BEFOREHAND, GETS A LITTLE *EMOTIONAL*--

I MEAN, DOOM WOULD JUST LIKE TO BE ABLE TO CALL HIS *MOTHER* ONCE IN A WHILE!

CAUSING ONE SINGLE SOLITARY TEAR TO FALL DOWN HIS (BRUTALLY SCARRED? BARELY SCRATCHED? AHH, YOU'RE NOT GETTIN' IT OUTTA ME, YOU SNEAKY SONAVAGUN!) FACE.

A MOMENT OUR ARTIST FAITHFULLY, BREATHTAKINGLY-- CAPTURES IN HIS WORK, WHICH IS ALL WELL AND GOOD UNTIL THE NEXT MORNING--

WHEN DOOM, *HUNG-OVER*, GETS A GOOD LOOK AT THIS MASTERPIECE, AND...

DOOM DID... *WHAT?*

THE ARTIST GETS THE *DEATH RAY* TREATMENT--WHICH IS ACTUALLY GREAT NEWS FOR HIS *GALLERY SALES*, TURNS OUT--

BROUDAIRE.

DOOM FINDS YOU *PRETENTIOUS* AND *OVER-RATED!*

BUT THE PAINTING ITSELF..DESPITE HIS RAGE, DOOM JUST *CAN'T* BRING HIMSELF TO *DESTROY* IT.

SO INSTEAD HE LOCKS IT AWAY DEEP IN HIS *DUNGEON*, WHERE IT REMAINED FOR *YEARS*...

UNTIL IT WAS LIBERATED BY THIEVES DURING THE *KRISTOFF REGIME*.

FROM THERE, IT CHANGES HANDS A COUPLE TIMES, THERE'S SOME *DOUBLE CROSSES* AND SHADY *DEALS*, WHATEVER, TOTALLY NOT IMPORTANT--BEFORE FINALLY, IT LANDS IN *ANOTHER* DUNGEON--THE *OWL'S*.

NOW, THROUGH ALL THIS, THE PAINTING'S LEGEND ONLY *GROWS*. NO ONE'S EVEN *SEEN* THE THING, NO ONE KNOWS *WHERE* IT IS--AND ALL THAT JUST MAKES 'EM WANT IT *MORE*.

AND NOW I AM GONNA *GIVE IT TO THEM!**

*AT FULL PRICE.

BUT I GET IT, YOU'RE *CONFUSED*. WE SPENT A LOT OF TIME ON THE *SILVIO SILVERMANE ROBOT HEAD THING*, YOU'VE GROWN *ATTACHED*. WELL, AGAIN, SORRY TO BURST YOUR BUBBLE, BUT--

NOT A REAL THING

SO WHY DID I COME UP WITH THIS WHOLE ELABORATE STORY?

EASY. I NEEDED SOMETHING FROM THE *CHAMELEON*, AND I DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO TRADE--BUT I *KNEW* HE'D LIKE THE IDEA OF SOMETHING THAT WOULD PUT HIM *IN CHARGE* OF THE CRIMINAL UNDERWORLD--SO INSERT URBAN LEGEND HERE.

AND THEN I NEEDED MY GANG TO HELP ME BUST INTO THE *OWL'S* PLACE SO I COULD GET THE PAINTING. ONCE AGAIN, TELLING THEM THERE WAS SOMETHING DOWN IN THE *BASEMENT* THAT COULD PUT THEM IN CHARGE OF THE CRIMINAL UNDERWORLD--WELL, WE'RE ALL PRETTY *PREDICTABLE* LIKE THAT.

$

BUT *WAIT*, YOU SAY--WHY NOT JUST TELL THE CREW ABOUT THE *PAINTING*? THEY'D LIKE THAT, TOO, RIGHT?

AND THIS IS THE PART I FEEL LIKE WE'VE BEEN OVER A LOT OF TIMES--

WHAT'S BETTER THAN BEING IN THE *SINISTER SIX* BUT NOT SPLITTING THE MONEY WITH *ANYONE ELSE*?!

POIT

POIT

POIT

THIS IS MY NEW GANG--THE *SINISTER SINGULAR INDIVIDUAL*. AND WE'RE OFF TO A *FINE* START, LEMME TELL YA.

AS FOR THE *OLD GANG*--

WELL, THEY'RE DEAD, RIGHT?

YOU THREE ARE VERY LUCKY MY LITTLE DARLINGS JUST ATE. PIPES ARE ALL DRAINED NOW.

YEAH, *MINE* TOO, AFTER THAT GIANT SCORPION...

BUT THEN, THAT ONLY GIVES US A LITTLE MORE TIME TO GET *ACQUAINTED*. THIS ONE, SPEED DEMON, I KNOW--HE'S OF NO WORTH--

YOU TWO, ON THE OTHER HAND, ARE ALL TOO *UNFAMILIAR* TO THESE EYES.

MISTER OWL, I APOLOGIZE, SIR, WE--WE DIDN'T KNOW THIS WAS YOUR PLACE! BOOMERANG--IT WAS *HIS* IDEA, HE TRICKED US--

OVERDRIVE! SHUT UP! DON'T SAY ANOTHER WORD--

SMEK SMEK

OOH, WELL-- I THINK WE'VE DETERMINED WHOSE SWING'S THE WIDEST IN THIS LITTLE TRIO. AND WHO ARE YOU THEN, SWEETHEART?

YOU'RE GONNA WANT TO CALL ME *BEETLE*. AND THEN YOU'RE GONNA WANT TO UNTIE US AND LET US OUT OF HERE.

HA! MY, MY, YOU TAKE NO GUFF, DO YOU, GIRL? THAT'S ADMIRABLE. YOUR CHOICE OF BATTLE LEAVES SOMETHING TO BE ***DESIRED***, HOWEVER. I'M AFRAID THERE'S A TERRIBLE PRICE TO BE PAID FOR TAKING WHAT'S RIGHTFULLY ***MINE***.

SORRY?

YOU'VE VENTURED ONTO THE OWL'S SOIL, ATTACKED HIS MEN, AND LIBERATED HIS POSSESSIONS. THEN ALL BUT ONE OF YOU MADE THE FOOLISH ERROR OF GETTING CAUGHT ON YOUR WAY OUT THE BACK DOOR.

YOU HEAR THAT? HE GOT IT.

AND WE'RE VERY SORRY ABOUT THAT!

I'M AFRAID WE'RE BEYOND APOLOGIES NOW, CHILDREN, AND ON TO THE INK THAT'S DRIED. HOWEVER, I AM A BUSINESSMAN, AND NOT AN ***UNREASONABLE*** ONE.

SO I DO HAVE AN OFFER FOR YOU--I'M WILLING TO LOOK PAST YOUR FLAGRANT ASSAULT, YOUR INEXCUSABLE TRESPASS, IN EXCHANGE FOR SIMPLE ***INFORMATION***.

YOUR CURRENT ASSOCIATE, MY FORMER--***BOOMERANG***--HE HAS WHAT'S NOT YOURS. IF ONE OF YOU WERE TO TELL ME WHERE I MIGHT BE ABLE TO ***LOCATE*** HIM--

WELL, THAT ONE OF YOU MIGHT LIVE PAST THE NIGHT. SANS ***LEGS***, OF COURSE, BUT STILL LIVING.

I THINK THAT'S MORE THAN FAIR.

I AGREE!

FINE. YOU WANT MY COUNTER-OFFER?

THIS SHOULD BE INTERESTING...

PLINK PLINK

YOU LET US WALK, AND COUNT YOUR LOSSES.

LAST CHANCE, JABBA. FREE US OR DIE!

IN EXCHANGE, WE DON'T TELL EVERYONE IN THIS TOWN HOW BADLY WE TORE THROUGH WHAT PASSES FOR YOUR SECURITY AND STOLE YOUR STUFF. WE'RE WILLING TO SPARE YOU THAT EMBARRASSMENT. BEING *PROFESSIONALS* AND ALL.

I THINK *THAT'S* MORE THAN FAIR.

I SEE.

TERRY, SHOOT THIS ONE FOR ME, PLEASE. THE HEAD.

I *REALLY* WOULDN'T...

WHAT IS THIS GAME, GIRL? I MUST SAY, YOU HAVE ME *CURIOUS*. DO YOU THINK YOUR ABSCONDED LEADER IS COMING BACK TO SAVE YOU?

HA! YOU DON'T KNOW FRED, CLEARLY.

TRUST ME, OLD MAN--

BOOMERANG'S THE *LAST* PERSON YOU NEED TO WORRY ABOUT.

AND SURE, I COULD WASTE TIME FEELING GUILTY ABOUT THIS--

BUT IT'S NOT LIKE I DON'T GOT PROBLEMS OF MY OWN

BANG

MINE

UHHH... NOBODY'S HOME!

MINE.

MULTIPLEX LOOT

OPEN UP, FRED!

SORRY, WE'RE *UH*...WE'RE *ALREADY* UP TO OUR EARS IN COOKIES AND RELIGIOUS TRACTS IN HERE, THANKS!

MINE

NOW, FRED!

FRED LIVES NEXT DOOR! HE'S A MODEL NEIGHBOR!

LAST WARNING, AND THEN THE DOOR COMES DOWN!

YOU TRYING TO MAKE ME LOSE MY DEPOSIT?

YOU DIDN'T REPORT IN.

HUH? I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING THE SOFT SELL, "SEMI-RETIRED MANAGER OF A SURF SHOP VIBE" ON THIS THING.

MM, YOU'RE RIGHT, I WAS. I WANTED TO GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO PROVE YOU COULD BE TRUSTED HERE--

BUT THEN I GOT A CALL FROM A BUDDY AT THE NYPD.

MAHONEY?

AND HE SAID JUST A FEW MINUTES AFTER THEY PICKED UP YOUR FORMER SINISTER SIX CRONIES--CRONIES YOU SOLD OUT TO ME--THEY GOT BUSTED OUT OF THEIR HOLDING VAN--

BY A GUY WIELDING EXPLOSIVE BOOMERANGS.

OH MY GOD... YOU REALIZE WHAT THIS MEANS, DON'T YOU?

THERE'S A NEW BOOMERANG OUT THERE!

FRED...

I MEAN, I CAN'T SAY I'M SURPRISED...THE LEGACY, THE REPUTATION IN THE CRIMINAL UNDERWORLD THAT IDENTITY COMES WITH...

THERE'S PROBABLY MORE THAN ONE EVEN--ONE'S A CYBORG, ANOTHER'S A TEENAGER, MAYBE A BLACK GUY...

SIGH--

@!

WELL, DON'T WORRY, ABNER... I'M GONNA HELP YOU FIND HIM. NO ONE KNOWS HOW TO CATCH A GUY WITH A BOOMERANG ON HIS FACE LIKE ANOTHER GUY WITH A BOOMERANG ON HIS FACE. I'M THE HANNIBAL LECTER OF THAT @#$!.

ONE PLACE I CAN TELL YOU FOR SURE HE'D NEVER BE IS HERE.

SO YOU EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE YOU HAD *NOTHING* TO DO WITH THIS?

PUA

ME? WHAT?! YOU WERE WITH ME THE WHOLE TIME!

NO, I WASN'T.

IN MY *HEART!* YOU WERE WITH ME IN MY *HEART!*

ABNER, I'M ON THE PROGRAM! GOING CLEAN! I CAN'T EVEN *LOOK* AT A BOOMERANG, I'M STRICTLY A *FRISBEE* GUY THESE DAYS!

I WISH I COULD BELIEVE THAT, FRED, BUT--

WHAT?

PUA

IS THERE A REASON YOU HAVE A POSTER FOR "*THE UGLY TRUTH*" STARRING KATHERINE HEIGL ON YOUR WALL?

Katherine HEIGL

Gerard BUTLER

I JUST-- I FIND HER DELIGHTFUL.

YOU'RE UP TO SOMETHING, I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS--

A GUY'S NOT ALLOWED TO ENJOY A SOLID ROMANTIC COMEDY NOW?

PUA

JOKE ALL YOU WANT, BUT WE'RE THROUGH WITH THE NICE GUY APPROACH. I'M GOING TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS, AND WHEN I DO, YOU'LL LEARN--

KUNCHK.

SQUK RRRK KRK

YOU WERE GONNA DO THE FINISH LINE AS YOU FLY OUT THE WINDOW THING?

FORGET IT.

COME ON, WHAT WERE YOU GONNA SAY?

PUA

"A BOOMERANG'S NOT THE ONLY THING THAT CAN COME BACK AROUND ON YOU."

AW, SEE, THAT WAS REALLY GOOD!

I'MMA CALL YOU!

NOW, BASED ON THIS, YOU'RE PROBABLY THINKING I'M GETTING OFF LIGHT HERE.

FOOMPF!

KNOCK KNOCK

WHAT HAPPENED, AB?

YOU THINK OF ANOTHER ONE? 'CAUSE I CAN PUT DOWN THE BLINDS--

YOU'D BE WRONG.

HELLO, MISTER MYERS.

TIME TO SETTLE ACCOUNTS.

SEE?

BZZT

--YOU DON'T *KNOW* FROM PROBLEMS.

YOU GUYS HEAR THAT?

BZZT

IT'S--IT'S A *PHONE*, BOSS.

I CAN *SEE* THAT, BOB.

LOOKS LIKE SHE GOT A *TEXT!*

SIGH-- WHAT DOES IT *SAY*, BOB?

OH--RIGHT. RIGHT.

"JUST OUTSIDE."

MM, NOW THAT'S NOT GOOD NEWS. I'D GET GOING IF I WERE YOU.

YOU THINK I'VE NEVER SEEN THIS BLUFF BEFORE? ENOUGH GAMES, GIRL-- ONE LAST OPPORTUNITY FOR YOU TO TURN IT ALL AROUND.

WHERE IS MY PAINTING?

WAIT, YOUR *WHAT?*

BOOOM!!

BLAM BLAM

GOT A TEXT FROM A REAL IMPORTANT NUMBER, TELLING ME TO GET DOWN HERE, LIFE AND DEATH STUFF. I ANSWERED. NOW--

WHO WANTS TO TELL ME WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON HERE?!

HEY KIDS, IT'S TOMBSTONE!

I--I THINK I CAN EXPLAIN...

HI, DADDY.

SO YEAH--

JANICE?!

THIS GUY, RIGHT?

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